# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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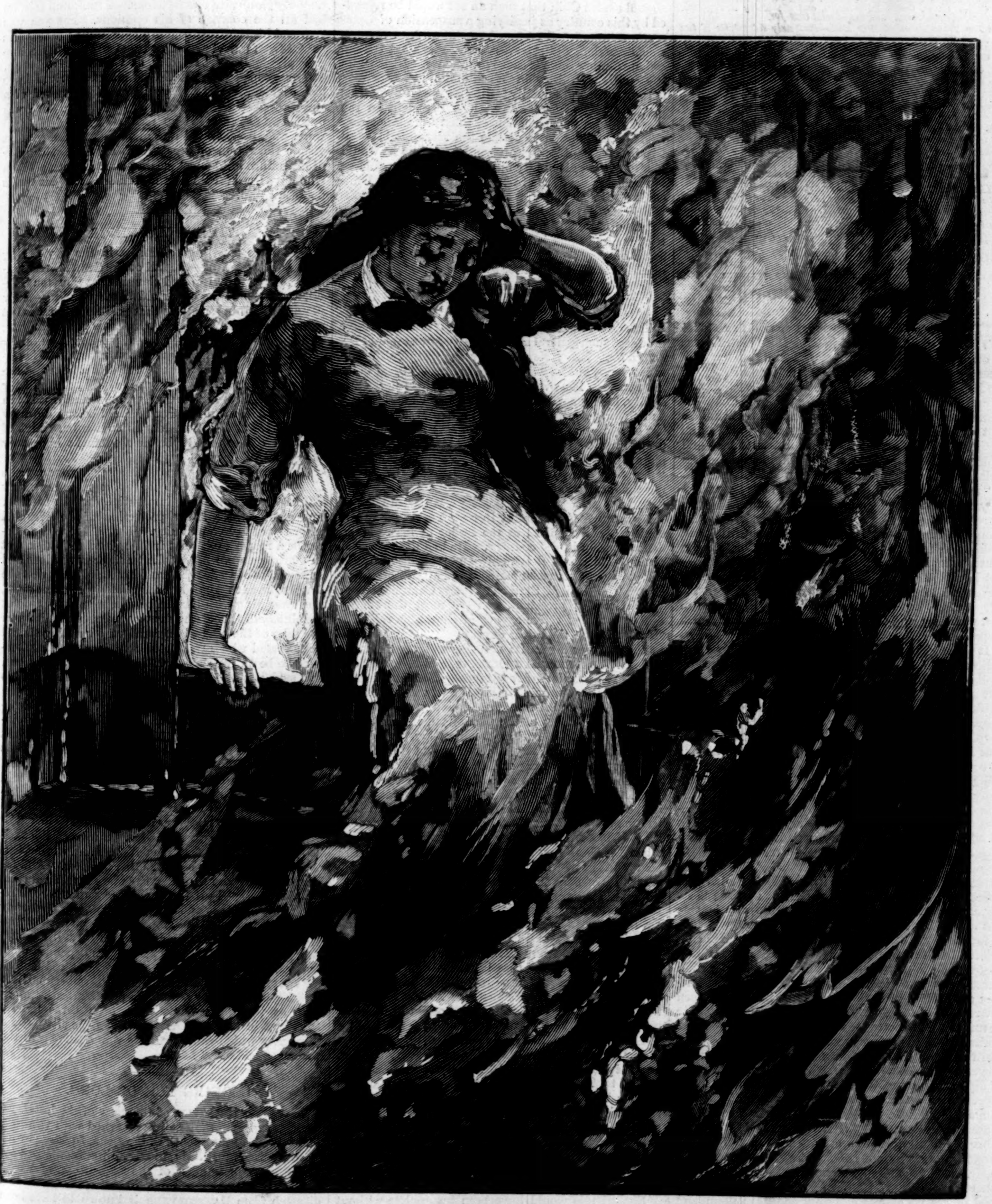

THE BURNING OF THE "WORLD" BUILDING—IN DREAD SUSPENSE.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 87.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 11, 1882.

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## THE ADMINISTRATION AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Whether it was intentional or not, there is no doubt that the tone of Mr. Blaine's instructions to our ministers in South America, which have been recently published, is dictatorial and offensive. If the Minister of England or of France at Washington should take such a tone in representations to this Government at the close of a successful war, he would be sent out of the country within twenty-four hours. Nothing is so justly offensive in international and diplomatic intercourse as the peremptory and dictatorial manner, which is the air of a bully. The era of "manifest destiny" politics has been very disagreeably and vividly suggested by the South American correspondence which has been published. The assumption throughout is that victorious Chili must make such terms of peace as we choose, or take the consequences. The intention of such a demand may not have been to supply a pretext for our armed intervention in the dispute. But if such had been the purpose, it is not easy to see how it could have been more adroitly and effectively furthered than by such dispatches.

It is remarkable also that the conduct of the most delicate and difficult affairs, in which errors and precipitancy would lead to the most serious results, was left to a minister who had shown himself to be entirely destitute of discretion and of the simplest sense of the proprieties of his position. This is one of the most perplexing facts in the whole business. Before General Hurlbut left upon his mission to Peru he was in correspondence and conversation with the agent of the Peruvian Company, and received from the company an offer of a large interest in its claim. This was on the 2d of June. But apparently this transaction was not known to the Secretary of State until the 3d of December, and on the same day the Secretary reproves General Hurlbut severely for consenting to become trustee of a Peruvian railroad. The complete evidence of the unfitness of the minister for his post would seem to have been in possession of the State Department, and it is impossible to see why he was not recalled. The key to the whole correspondence is found in the ex-Secretary's explanation. He considered that the commercial ascendency of the United States upon the western South American coast was in question, and that it would probably be lost if the action of Chili could not be controlled in the supposed interests of the United States. Chili was believed to be under the influence of Great Britain, and unless the United States could arrange the settlement between Chili and Peru, Great Britain would be the dominant power upon the coast. It is undoubtedly the province of diplomacy to maintain by negotiation and friendly representation the interest and influence of one nation among others. It is especially desirable that the United States shall be the friend and counsellor of other republics upon this continent. And if we understood the instructions of Secretary Frelinghuysen to Mr. Trescott to imply any unwillingness to aid the other governments with our friendship and impartial good offices, we should certainly condemn them, and so undoubtedly would the country. So far as sympathy is concerned, the feeling of the United States is naturally with Chili, the most intelligent and orderly of South American republics, and not with Peru, which is a country of a very different kind.

In diplomacy manner and method are of vital importance. It is a suggestive criticism of our late diplomacy which is implied in a remark of Lord Granville to Mr. Lowell. "Lord Granville," says Mr. Lowell, "was as usual exceedingly courteous and friendly, but made no remark except that the publication of No. 270 before an opportunity was given him of replying to it 'seemed to him, to say the least, unusual.'" In a very much stronger and objectionable sense it may be said that the tone of the instructions to Mr. Trescott was, to say the least, unusual. It was, in fact, belligerent and hostile. It was a very distinct threat. The dispatch of Secretary Frelinghuysen corrects this tone, but it does not decline to take interest in the questions between Chili and Peru. Secretary Blaine instructed Mr. Trescott that if the arrest of Calderon by Chili should not be disavowed as an act of resentment against the United States, he should assure Chili that such an act would be regarded by this country as justifying a suspension of diplomatic relations. Secretary Frelinghuysen revokes this discretion, and reserves to the President the decision whether there is cause for offense. Meanwhile the Chilian Minister in Washington has expressly disavowed any unfriendly feeling for the United States in the arrest of Calderon. The President in the Frelinghuysen instruction distinctly disclaims any right or inclination to dictate the relations between two independent American republics, while he would gladly extend his kindly offices to all of them. Here is no surrender of the interests or policy of the United States, but a humane and wise and pacific course which is worthy to be called American. It is not a question of "Half-breeds" or "Stalwarts," but of patriotism, and there is no doubt that the general good sense of the country approves the policy of the Administration in this matter so far as developed.

## THE LATE REV. DR. BELLOWS.

The death of few citizens of New York could have produced such general and sincere sorrow as that of Dr. Bellows. Many New-Yorkers are distinguished in many ways, but he was especially distinguished in all good ways. His overflowing vitality, his intellectual ability, his immense energy and generous enthusiasm and eloquence, were all devoted unreservedly to helping others. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in this community, and his death deprives it of a moral force which the city can ill spare. He was a "many-sided" man, and nothing that he touched but felt the inspiration and impulse of his power and sympathy. For forty-three years he was the minister of the First Unitarian Society in New York, and he had come to be recognized as the leader of his religious denomination in the country. He had the three cardinal qualities of leadership—unquailing courage, the power of persuasion, and the faculty of organization. The United States Sanitary Commission, of which he was president, was the most thoroughly equipped and effective agency of charitable relief for soldiers in the field ever devised. It had the good fortune of uniting in its management Dr. Bellows and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, and its operations were enormous and universal throughout the country. The Sanitary Commission, which was subsequently followed by the Christian Commission, was one of the noblest monuments of the patriotism, the inventive and administrative energy, the devotion, and the intelligence of the country, in its struggle for life.

Throughout his long and eminent professional career Dr. Bellows was a conservative of the liberal faith. There were two churches of his denomination in the city when he came to New York, and there is but one more now that he is dead, after an active ministry of more than forty years. But from the time when Dr. Channing found no place open for him in New York in which to preach but the hall of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and when Dr. Mason, the chief clergyman in the city, felt it to be his duty to denounce Channing as an infidel, to the time when Dr. Bellows, who gloried in the name of Channing Unitarian, dies amid universal respect and regret and fraternal regard from ministers of every form of the common faith, there is an immense and significant change, and he would be a droll pessimist who should hold it to be a change for the worse. In this change the general progress of religious thought has a great part, and so have the personal character and ability of Dr. Bellows. He was less distinctively a scholar than a thoroughly well read man upon every subject. His incessant activity and diversity of interests prevented that secluded concentration which makes the scholar, but few men were so eager for every kind of knowledge, or had greater facility in acquiring information. His interest in leading public questions, in charitable movements, in social progress, in education, in purifying and strengthening the tone of the national character, were only subordinate to his zeal in the profession in which he delighted.

But all this would have been incomplete without his singular gifts as a public speaker. His oratory was fluent, earnest, impetuous, picturesque, humorous, and it rose often to a resistless fervor of eloquence. He was quickened by social intercourse into a delightful gayety, and he was always the most animated of companions. His ardent and generous temperament, however, undoubtedly played him tricks. Emerson says that, to accomplish results, nature overloads the tendency. With Dr. Bellows there was sometimes a subsequent recoil from a vehement and unqualified statement, which gave an air of impulsiveness and uncertainty to his views and conduct. He was also distrustful of the liberalism which outran his own. But his feeling in such cases was largely due to the quick apprehension of a leader that what seemed to him excess, however sincere, imperiled the whole cause. He cherished the true conservative regard for forms as facts, and with all his hearty liberality he had a certain respect for priestliness and ecclesiasticism which led him to repel strongly the assertion that Unitarianism is essentially a spirit and an influence rather than a special faith or creed. But his hospitable heart and mind harbored no petty jealousies or suspicions. Frank and fair, he had all the courage of his opinions. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. It is a beneficent life that has passed from our view, and a stimulating and fascinating personality. The city, as well as his church, suffers by his loss. The friendless and forlorn have lost a friend. Every worthy cause is bereaved of a strong counsellor and an efficient laborer. He was not yet an old man, but he had done a long life's hard work, and, happily for our memory of him, without visible relaxation or decay, with all the sweet ardor of his nature untouched, he dies, and, as with all men who have lived for noble and humane ends, his works do follow him.

## THREE WARNINGS.

The three startling calamities in the city during the last few months—the fall of the Grand Street tenement-houses, the railroad slaughter at Spuyten Duyvil, and the burning of the old *World* building—show plainly two things: one is that private interest is not sufficient to insure proper safeguards of human life; and the other is that the present public provision for protection in buildings and upon railroads is inadequate. If it be a reproach to our civilization and humanity that a tenement-house should fall and bury helpless inmates in the ruins, and that a railroad train standing still upon the track should be run down by another train, it is not less so that a busy hive of crowded offices should be in a moment hopelessly wrapped in flames.

There are a great many things that governments should not undertake to do. But there are many others which it is their imperative duty to care for, and among these is the protection of the lives and property of the community. If a writer were to describe a modern city, not in fairy-land or Utopia, but in Christendom, with all the familiar inventions and advantages of to-day, he would certainly say that the laws required that buildings of a dozen stories in height, and swarming with human beings, should be made as absolutely fire-proof and strong as science permits. For the sake of the whole community no building should be tolerated which was not declared by competent experts to be entirely safe within necessary limitations, and such experts, in case of disaster, should be held to strict responsibility.

If the Assembly at Albany were really a representative Legislature, the convictions and desires of an intelligent city and State would be expressed in efficient laws. The Legislature, for instance, would forbid its own members to receive free passes from railroads, which is not a courtesy, but a bribery, and it would not allow any building to be occupied for offices without a certificate of its safety and of its conformity to law, to be conspicuously posted and signed by an officer or officers to be held responsible. Such a certificate is as necessary in a great hive of offices and work-rooms as it is upon a ferry-boat or other steamer. And for the same purpose in every car upon a railroad train should be posted all the regulations of the road respecting detentions and stoppages, that travellers may know their precise situation. Had there been such a certificate upon the train at Spuyten Duyvil, announcing that the safety of the passengers depended upon the probability of a brakeman carrying a red lantern far enough to the rear, there would have been no lives lost, for everybody would have left the death-trap as soon as possible. There have been three terrible warnings of the insecurity of life in the city, but an insecurity which can be readily removed. Will the warnings be heeded?

## LOOKING FOR DE LONG.

Engineer Melville, of the crew of the lost *Jeannette*, telegraphs that he has returned with two Russian officers to the mouth of the Lena, furnished with stores to last until July, to search for Lieutenant De Long, the commander of the expedition, of whom some traces have been found, and who, according to a dispatch from Danenhower, is known to have been at a certain spot on the west bank of the Lena. Danenhower also says that the retreat from the *Jeannette* was over the ice to the New Siberia Islands, and thence to the Lena delta. The Secretary of War has telegraphed DANENHOWER to return at once to this country. It will be many months before we hear of MELVILLE if he pushes on to the shore of the frozen ocean, and it is not impossible that at any moment Lieutenant DE LONG may be heard from if he has been pushing his way southward. His natural course would be that which was followed by MELVILLE and DANENHOWER, up and along the Lena, if he could once get started. But in the vast distances and confusions of the mouths of the river he might be easily confused.

The expedition of Engineer MELVILLE must not be regarded as fool-hardy. Lieutenant DE LONG is known to have reached the coast, for two of his men joined MELVILLE and DANENHOWER at Bolenenga. Yet a search intrusted to a party of Siberians alone could hardly be expected to be successful. The very fact that none of DE LONG'S comrades returned to seek him would be interpreted by the natives as an assurance that his comrades did not believe his recovery to be practicable. How far such a Siberian expedition would proceed, and how zealously and actively it would do its work, must be very doubtful. Indeed, without some active leader of the ship's company, it would be impossible to anticipate the success of any relief expedition. Meanwhile DANENHOWER, who, it seems, became temporarily blind by his exposure, is on his way to St. Petersburg with part of the crew. Those who recall the eager interest with which Dr. KANE and his company were received upon their return can anticipate the feeling with which these arctic survivors will be welcomed.

The narrative of Dr. KANE may be still read with great interest and instruction. He pushed on into Smith Sound, which divides Greenland from the shore that he called Grinnell Land. He was obliged to abandon his vessel, the *Advance*, but he added much to our knowledge of the whole northern region, and especially of Northern Greenland, while his diary of the long dark winter days in the prison of ice is very fascinating and vivid. The story of the *Jeannette* can not be less interesting than that of any of the explorers. The escape in boats through the Arctic Ocean is a tale for which that of KANE and his successors will but heighten curiosity. Nor is it necessary to abandon all hope of the third boat, of which there are no tidings. If two boats reached the shore, the third may have emerged also at some other point, and some happy morning we may yet hear the glad announcement of its safety.

## THE JEWISH PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

THE meeting in New York to express sympathy with the persecuted Hebrews in Russia doubtless spoke for the feeling of the whole country, and swelled the chorus of Christian states that protest against the revolting brutality. The reports from Russia are like the tales of the Middle Ages. Synagogues have been attacked and destroyed by drunken and furious mobs; houses and shops have been burned and pillaged; towns and villages have been absolutely at the cruel will of merciless rioters; and every kind of inhuman and monstrous wrong has been perpetrated upon innocent men, women, and children. This has been going on since the death of the Czar, nine months ago, and the condition of Southern and of Southeastern Russia has been as horrible as that of the Turkish pashalics. The startling revelations have fallen upon the civilized world like those of the Greek massacres sixty years ago, but the protest of humanity and civilization has been encountered with an angry growl from the Russian press.

The most shameful fact of all is the apparent indifference of the Russian Government and press. In many instances the assaults were announced in advance, and the police authorities and the soldiers actually took part in the outrages, and nowhere is there any account of vigorous and effective efforts of the Government to preserve order. The reason of this anarchical situation may be inferred from the recommendations of various local commissions as to the treatment of Jews. The most stupid and brutal of the English laws against the Irish Catholics a century and more ago were not more tyrannical than these propositions. Their intention is to cover the Jews with disabilities, and to degrade them to the condition of pariahs and outcasts, and multitudes of the proscribed race who are natives of the country are flying from the destruction designed for them.

While such persecution is still possible, while in every land the Jewish race is held to be peculiar, unassimilated, and selfish, and is regarded as a kind of common foe of Christendom, it seems seldom to occur to Christendom that its conduct compels the very attitude of which it complains. How can a people who are proscribed by all others help holding themselves more closely to each other? How can a race which other races spurn help being an alien race among all other races? How can such a race, conscious of the great and decisive influence which it has exerted upon civilization, help scorning in turn those who revile it, and despising the Christianity which permits and incites unspeakable inhumanity? Even in this country we are not entirely without an occasional sign of the spirit which in a brutal and half-barbarous community bursts out in the crimes that are now perpetrated in Southern Russia. But honorable and humane men here and everywhere join in the indignation which the present spectacle arouses, and wonder whether the Russian Government means to show itself to be savage or civilized.

## LOW PRICES OF PLEASURE.

IN the "American Actor Series" of biographies there is a very interesting volume by WILLIAM WINTER, which he calls *The Jeffersons*, containing sketches of the family of which our Rip Van Winkle is in the third line of descent as JEFFERSON the Fourth. It is not easy to say why it is that the lives of actors are entertaining reading, because they have few incidents, and those very similar in every case. Perhaps it is that the profession of the actor is more distinctively and completely a life within a life than any other. It is close to us, but very remote from those who do not actually enter it, and it affects the public, as the theatre itself affected CHARLES LAMB, with inexpressible fascination.

In one of the JEFFERSON sketches there is a curious little glimpse of the prices paid to actors at the beginning of the century. The first American JEFFERSON of this family came from England in 1795 for his passage-money and a salary of $17 a week. In 1798 the old John Street Theatre in New York closed, and the "new theatre"—the old Park Theatre, opposite the Astor House, between Ann and Beekman streets—was opened. Here JEFFERSON was paid $23 a week, a salary which was presently raised to $25. COOPER, the famous tragedian of our grandfathers, was paid $25, and the highest salary was that of Mrs. OLDMIXON—$37 a week.

What work they did for these wages! JEFFERSON the Second played a hundred and ninety-eight different characters. The work, too, was well done. Some of the "casts" which Mr. WINTER records would be irresistible even to-day. Thirty-seven dollars a week for the most charming of actresses, and here is the *diva* PATTI demanding ten dollars a ticket for singing two or three little songs!

## MUSICAL PROGRESS.

THE first concert of the New York Chorus Society, at which the noble orchestra and the magnificent chorus of six hundred voices gave a mass of sound which was most imposing and satisfactory, but not overwhelming, illustrated the remarkable skill of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, who has brought the chorus to such extraordinary efficiency in a very short time. The programme, which comprised HANDEL'S "Jubilate" and BEETHOVEN'S "Chorale Fantasia," in which Mr. JOSEFFY took the piano, and a chorus from WAGNER'S *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, also contained a chorus by Professor PAINE, written for the *Œdipus*, which was played at Cambridge last spring, and which has been just presented for a few evenings at Booth's Theatre in New York.

It is high praise to say that this work was not felt to be out of place even upon such a programme, and yet such, we are sure, was the general feeling. It is certainly one of the most important musical works that have been written in this country, and together with the whole performance of the concert, and the appreciative attention, showed how high a point of musical cultivation we have reached. Already the best music of the best masters is performed in the best manner in the city of New York. The combined chorus at the May Festival in the Seventh Regiment Armory will be composed of the New York Chorus Society, with the leading societies in this part of the country, and it will be one of the most imposing ever heard.

## THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

IT is pleasant to know that public interest in the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York does not decline. The munificent gifts of Mr. PHŒNIX, Mr. MARQUAND, and others during the last year have added greatly to its treasures, and the number of visitors constantly attests its popular appreciation and attraction. The cordial and respectful welcome of the director, General DI CESNOLA, by the most accomplished and eminent experts in Europe, last summer, was but a fitting recognition of the high esteem in which he is held in this country; and the increasing multitude of the friends of the Museum is such that an appeal to them from General DI CESNOLA resulted, in the course of three or four weeks, in the payment of the entire debt of the Museum, amounting to $42,500. No more gratifying evidence could be produced of intelligent interest in the Museum or of confidence in its director.

## A MINORITY MEDAL.

IN political conventions the majority is usually the important consideration, but one of the humors of the time is the commemoration by the minority at the last Republican National Convention of the fact that they did not represent the sentiment of their party, notwithstanding that their numbers were swelled by most doubtful and desperate devices. Since the minority ostentatiously challenges attention to the circumstances, it is well to remember that not only were they a minority, but that they represented in great part States that were not Republican, and could not be expected to vote for the candidate.

The object of a National Convention is to ascertain the desire of the party in regard to a candidacy. This is determined by the majority. Without entering upon any personal discussion whatever, it was overwhelmingly evident that the really Republican States were opposed to a third term. Neither respect for General GRANT'S public services nor regard for the Republican party was shown by insisting upon a third term of the Presidency for him. That project was decisively overruled. What is gained for any good cause, or sentiment, or party, by the commemoration of a defeated purpose to do what the good sense of the party and of the country has unequivocally condemned?

If a party medal were to be struck, it would seem to be more fitting that it should commemorate the Convention of 1872, when General GRANT was renominated by the vote of every delegate. This minority medal is a touch of Bourbonism worthy of the Democratic party, but curiously uncharacteristic of Republicans.

## PERSONAL.

THE late GRENVILLE MURRAY, of whom so many things have been written *pro* and *con*, made his first literary success by his admirable *Roving Englishman*. This, with his *Men of the Third Republic*, *The Member for Paris*, etc., secured for him an income of $15,000 a year. He was always busy with his pen, and whatever he wrote commanded prompt and liberal pay.

—M. CHATRIAN, the novelist, has charge of an important department of the Eastern Railroad of France. He is a bachelor, and lives now at Toul, in a family in which he is completely domesticated. A favorite daily amusement with him is to watch the garrison at drill.

—When the late EDMUND BURKE was in Congress he had a controversy with a Mr. ARNOLD, of Tennessee, who spoke of New Hampshire as a State whose chief products were ice and granite, and sneeringly suggested that its Representative was less like his namesake, the English statesman, than like BURKE the "burker." In his response Mr. BURKE said he was at a loss to know whether the Tennessee Representative was like BENEDICT ARNOLD or some other ARNOLD; and referring to the products of that gentleman's district as consisting mainly of dogs and hoop-poles, brought down the House with the suggestion that while the hoop-poles were sent westward and down the Mississippi River, the dogs travelled eastward toward the national capital. This was the last ever heard of poor ARNOLD.

—Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, president of the Metropolitan National Bank, whose gifts during the last few years to religious and benevolent objects amount to over a million and a half of dollars, is a native of Astoria, and fifty years of age. His father was a Methodist Episcopal minister. JAMES NICHOLSON, the first commodore of the United States navy, was the paternal great-grandfather of the present Mr. SENEY. One daughter of the commodore was the wife of Colonel WILLIAM FEW, United States Senator from Georgia in the First Congress. Another daughter was the wife of Judge MONTGOMERY, who was a member of the First Congress, from Maryland. Still another daughter was the wife of the celebrated ALBERT GALLATIN. The paternal grandfather of Mr. SENEY was a member of the last Continental and also of the First Federal Congress, from Maryland. Mr. SENEY was a student at Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Connecticut, and afterward entered the University of the City of New York, when THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, the Whig candidate for Vice-President with HENRY CLAY, was Chancellor. Here he was graduated in 1847, in the same class with the late E. DELAFIELD SMITH. Instead of entering on a professional career, he decided to go into business, and at once became paying teller of the Metropolitan Bank, of which he is now the president. His business career has been a long series of successes.

—Rhode-Islanders were quite anxious to purchase relics of the late General BURNSIDE, and his silver was sold in small lots to old friends. His large silver punch-bowl, presented to him by his staff officers, was sold for $425.

—In answer to the question, "Where is the sword you wore at LEE'S surrender?" General GRANT replied, recently: "I didn't have any on. I seldom wore a sword. I did wear one at the battle of Shiloh, and it saved my life. A ball struck it, and broke the scabbard, which dropped on the field. I believe Mrs. GRANT has the blade; she is better at saving things than I am."

—Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR publishes, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February, an article on American industries as affected by the tariff. American mechanics are, he says, more honest and efficient than foreign, and he declares it impossible not to foresee that the United States is about to become the great manufacturing country of the world.

—A pleasanter "personal" than the following could scarcely be found. The Rev. Dr. DAY, of Titusville, Pennsylvania, is fond of canaries, and the bay-window in his library is occupied by a large number of these favorite songsters, to some of which are given the freedom of the entire room at times. One of these is very much interested in penmanship, and will watch Dr. DAY write by the hour. The black line left by the pen in its travels is the greatest of mysteries to the bird, and he will follow it as it spins out across the page, and make frequent examinations, first with one eye and then with the other, but can never quite understand it all, and after scratching his head with his claw, he will follow the line across again. This he will keep up by the hour, and it would be interesting to know his thoughts on the subject—if canaries ever do have thoughts.

—A veritable centenarian, Mrs. ROSE MURRAY, has just passed away in Ewing, Mercer County, New Jersey, at the age of one hundred and six. Her age is authenticated by family records and the registry of the old Presbyterian church where she was baptized. And on the 30th January eighty of the descendants of Mrs. HESTER VAN DER LINDE BRINCKERHOFF JACKSON assembled in Newark, New Jersey, to celebrate her one-hundredth birthday. Among the grandchildren were F. W. JACKSON, superintendent of the New Jersey Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, ex-Speaker SCHUYLER B. JACKSON, and several others who are prominent in that State.

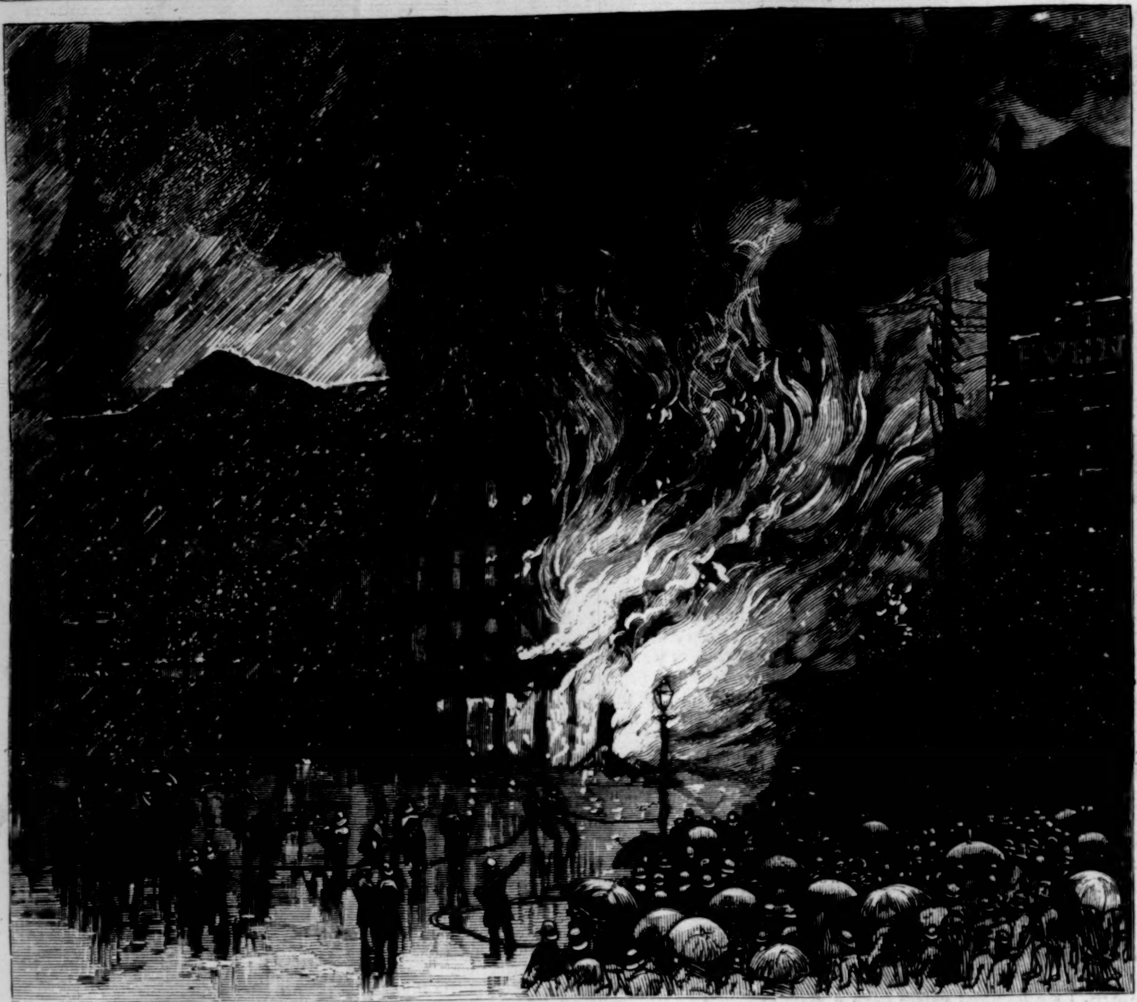
—Journalism and longevity go hand in hand in Scotland. The jubilee of *Chambers's Journal* will be celebrated this month. Dr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, one of the two original projectors of this venerable and highly successful periodical, continues to edit it, being assisted by his nephew Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS. The Glasgow *Herald* will attain its one-hundredth year February 27, and the centenary will be celebrated by a banquet in the Merchants' House, Glasgow. Mr. HENRY DAVIES has begun the fiftieth volume of the Cheltenham *Looker-On*, which he has edited since it began in 1832.

—Mr. GILBERT E. JONES, son of Mr. GEORGE JONES, of the New York *Times*, was married Thursday afternoon, February 2, at St. Thomas's Church, to Miss LOUISE CALDWELL, daughter of Mr. STEPHEN D. CALDWELL. The Rev. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, assisted by Rev. HEBER NEWTON, officiated. The church was filled with guests.

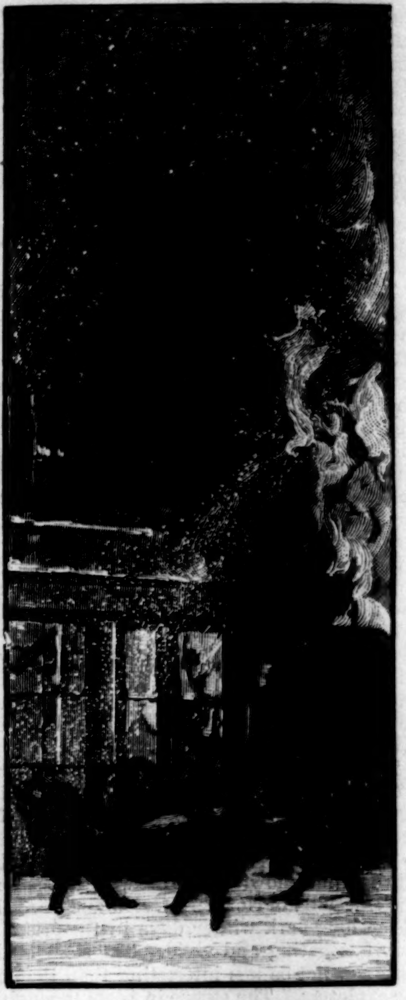
—Professor HENRY DRAPER succeeds his father, the late Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER, as Professor of Chemistry in the University of the City of New York.

—On the 13th of January the Boston University Methodist College came into possession of the $2,000,000 estate bequeathed to the institution ten years ago by ISAAC RICH, of Boston. The money was to be paid, by provisions of the will, ten years after the death of Mr. RICH. The faculty and students held high jubilee on the occasion, and while they appropriately remembered the donor, they did greatly rejoice at having actually got the grand cash in secure possession.

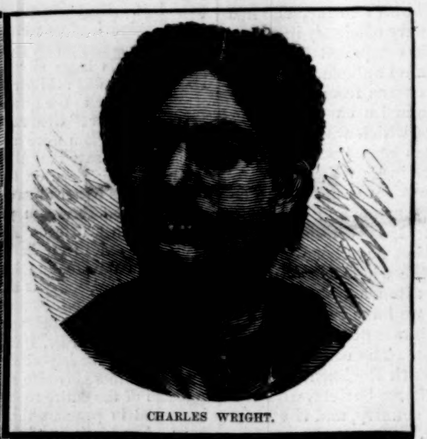
—The Rev. Dr. W. H. MILBURN, the eloquent blind preacher, is about to begin a series of morning lectures on the great poets of the world. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. MILBURN'S lectures will not be dry criticisms, or mere analyses of style and character, but historical and picturesque presentments of the life and work of each of the great men whom he selects as representing an epoch in literature. The lectures will be eight in number, and will begin on the 14th inst.



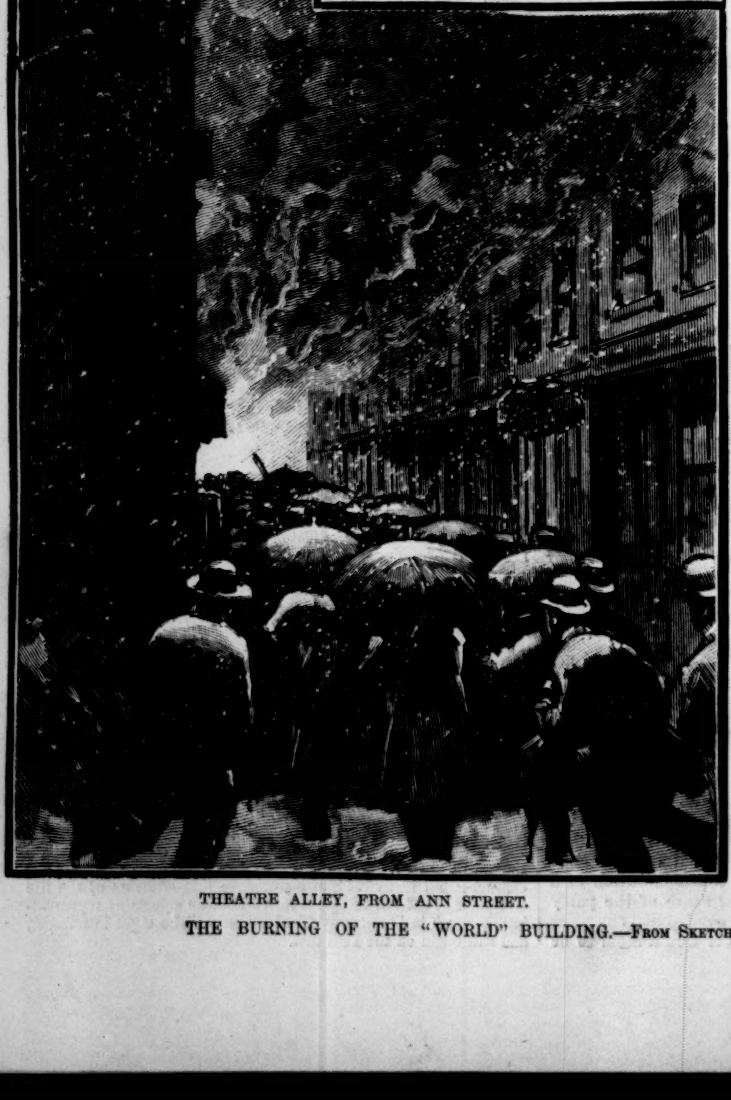
TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE FIRST ALARM.



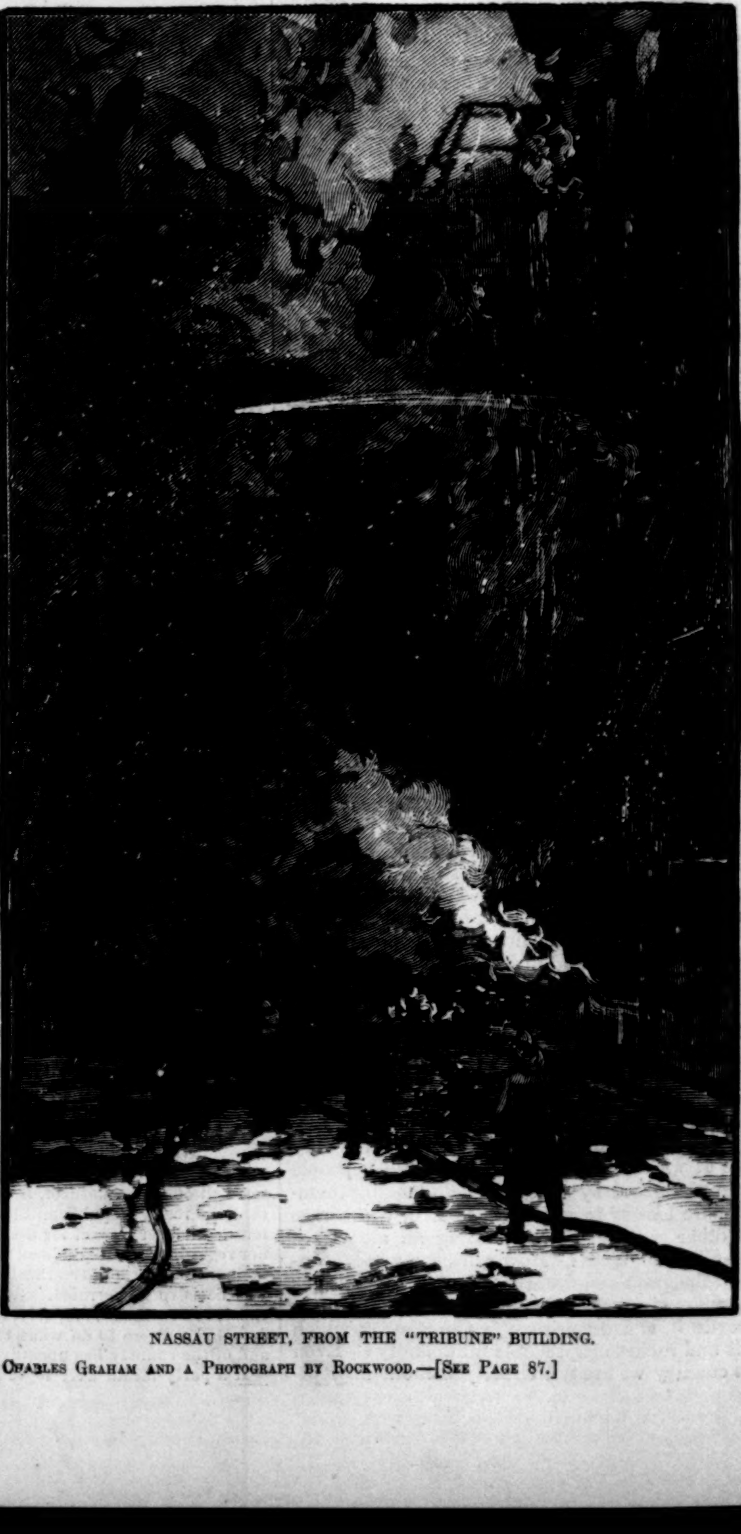
A LEAP FOR LIFE.



CHARLES WRIGHT.

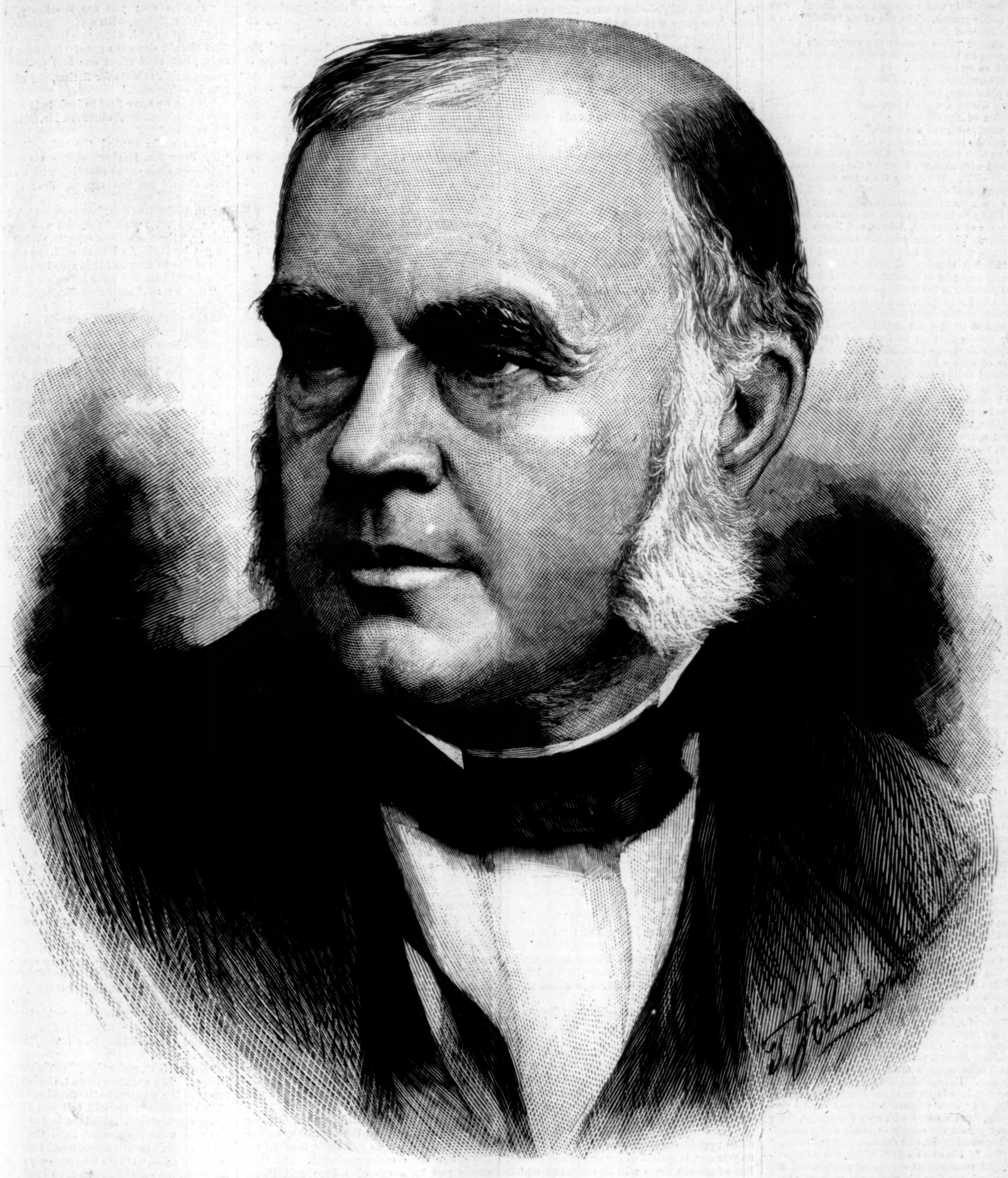


THEATRE ALLEY, FROM ANN STREET.



NASSAU STREET, FROM THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

THE BURNING OF THE "WORLD" BUILDING.—From Sketches by Charles Graham and a Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 87.]



DR. JOHN W. DRAPER.—From a Photograph by Mora.

## JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

On Wednesday, January 4, Professor Draper died, in his seventy-first year, at his home in Hastings-on-Hudson. During the previous eight months he had suffered under a disease which, though painful, was not considered dangerous. For some time, indeed, he had been unable to attend to his college classes, but so little apprehension was felt for his case that they had been assigned to him as usual at a faculty meeting held on the very day of his death.

The record of Dr. Draper's life, like that of many eminent men who have made their way to fame in the paths of science and literature, is not a long one. He was born at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, on the 5th of May, 1811; his schooling was at Woodhouse Grove, in a Wesleyan Methodist institution. His bent for physical studies was early pronounced. He studied chemistry and physics under private tuition, and also the higher mathematics. When twenty-two years of age he left his mother country, following the example of some of his ancestors during the eighteenth century, and came to the United States. Entering the University of Pennsylvania, he took a course of medical studies, and in 1836 received his degree, his thesis receiving the honor of publication by the faculty. The ambitious young student's abilities were recognized from the start. Shortly after his graduation he was appointed Professor of Physics and Physiology in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, and he found time during a three years' residence to begin the series of experimental researches which laid the foundations of his fame. Some of their results were published in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences.* In 1839 he accepted the chair of Chemistry and Natural History in the academic department of the University of New York, giving also lectures on physiology to the more advanced under-graduates. Two years later he was made Professor of Chemistry in the University Medical College. In 1840 he discovered and described what are called "miser's images," or roric figures, formed by laying coins upon a polished surface of glass, and invisible until brought out by the action of a vapor. Daguerre's brilliant discovery had been announced in 1839. Dr. Draper at once began experimenting in the same direction, and became the pioneer in the art of photographing from the life, his own sister having been the first person from whom a successful photograph was taken. About the same time he applied ruled glasses and specula for the study of the chemical action of light, in this way avoiding the absorbent action of the glass and of other media.

In 1844 Professor Draper published a study "On the Forces which produce the Organization of Plants," in which he demonstrated that the most intense action of the sunlight is produced by the yellow rays. His text-book on *Chemistry* appeared in 1846; of *Natural History*, in 1847. During this latter year he published an important memoir showing that all solid substances become incandescent at the same temperature—about 977° F., below which the rays emitted by a solid body are invisible; and that the spectrum of an incandescent solid is continuous, containing neither bright nor dark fixed lines. His researches into the chemical action of light continued for many years, and constituted substantial additions to our knowledge of radiant energy. He received in 1876 the high honor of the Rumford Medal for these discoveries. Eighty-six years ago, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, left to the American Academy of Sciences the sum of five thousand dollars, from which the income was to be devoted to the award of gold and silver medals for discoveries respecting light and heat. The sum is now quadrupled by good investments.

We have thus far followed the record of an active intelligence concerned mainly with scientific research, with the problems of physics and of physiology. But Dr. Draper's best-known works, those by which he is to be remembered, were yet to appear, and in a field seemingly distinct from those that we have mentioned, though really related to them. His *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, originally published by the Messrs. Harper in 1863, attained at once a wide popularity, and placed him in the foremost rank of the small number of authors who are at the same time really scientific and really popular. The work was promptly republished in England. It has since been translated into many modern languages, among others into French, Italian, German, Russian, Polish, and Hungarian, while portions of it relating to Mohammedanism and to Arabic science—subjects in which Dr. **Draper** had taken a special interest—were translated into Arabic. The purpose of the work is, in brief, to show that "social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth. The life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation." And Dr. **Draper** adds: "This work is the completion of my treatise on physiology, in which man was considered as an individual. In this, he is considered in his social relation.... Seen through the medium of physiology, history presents a new aspect to us. We gain a more just and thorough appreciation of the thoughts and motives of men in successive ages of the world."

Seldom has an American book which has aimed so high and covered so much ground been received with so much favor by the public and the critic alike. We quote from the usually staid utterances of the *Westminster Review*, which calls the work "a noble and even magnificent attempt to frame an induction from all the recorded phenomena of European, Asiatic, and North African history. The strongly human sympathy and solicitude pervading this book is one of its most entrancing charms. Unaccustomed though a reader might be to scientific habits of thought, or uninterested in the gradual elaboration of eternal rules and principles, here he can at least disport himself amidst noble galleries of historical paintings, and thrill again at the vision of the touching epochs that go to form the drama of the mighty European past. This is no dry enumeration of names and dates, no mere catalogue of isolated events and detached pieces of heartless mechanism. Rather does this work come to us as a mystic harmony, blending into one the treasured records of unnumbered histories and biographies, the accumulated stores of sciences the most opposed, and erudition the most incongruous; now descending into slow and solemn depths of tone, as sin, cruelty, intolerance, form the theme; now again lost in unapproachable raptures of sound, as true greatness, endurance, self-control, are reflected in the grand turning-points of European story.... It is eminently encyclopædic. It ransacks every accredited science, all the most recent discoveries, and every independent source of historical information. What **Comte** showed might and ought to be done for the whole world of man, what Mr. **Buckle** commenced for England, Scotland, France, and Spain, Dr. **Draper** has effected for the whole of Europe. The gigantic vastness of the task is almost paralyzing, contained as the result is in a very moderate space, but it is done none the less carefully and thoroughly."

The success which attended this remarkable work induced Dr. **Draper** to publish another book in which the social and historical elements predominated, *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America*, 1865; and between 1867 and 1870 three volumes of another important work appeared, the *History of the American Civil War*. This is an elaborate study of the causes, physical, climatic, social, and political, which determined the different characters of the people and the institutions both of the North and the South, and so led to the inevitable conflict. Dr. **Draper** wisely says: "There seems to be a forgetfulness of the fact that its origin dates before any of those who have been the chief actors in it were born. It came upon us in an irresistible way.... While the tempest of war is raging, such ideas can not secure attention; but when peace descends, the voice of philosophy is heard suggesting new views of the things about which we contended, whispering excuses for an antagonist, and persuading us that there is nothing we shall ever regret in fraternal forgiveness." The work gives, besides the philosophy of the subject, perhaps the most vivid account of the great struggle that has yet appeared.

The latest works of Dr. **Draper** were a *History of the Conflict of Religion and Science*, which was translated into many languages, and had an even greater success than the *Intellectual Development of Europe*; and a collection of his earlier papers entitled *Scientific Memoirs: Being Experimental Contributions to a Knowledge of Radiant Energy*, published (1878), like most of the works already mentioned, by the Messrs. **Harper**. In reviewing the list of his writings we perceive how intimate is the connection of their subjects, "each preparing the way for its successor," and we may add, with the author, "For every person the course of life is along the line of least resistance, like the movement of material bodies." His own intellectual life was a connected and spontaneous course of growth, and the result of it is that his works are eminently such as one of his English critics called them, "books not only such as we ought to read, but also such as we like to read." It will be long before another writer with Dr. **Draper**'s peculiar combination of gifts arises.

Titus M. Coan.

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[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

# FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

**Clare**, who had seen Herbert's portmanteau arrive, guessed easily enough what had delayed him and Miss Darrell. Indeed, she had (very improperly) watched from the window their flirtation in the garden.

The old lady, who was judiciousness itself, left the two young people alone together for half a minute.

"She has told you all, Herbert?" said Clare, in a hurried whisper.

"All."

"Then of Gerald's two alternatives—for one is impossible—does that theory of his that dear papa was the victim of a mechanical impulse seem to you credible?"

"It is as incredible as the other alternative," said Herbert, gravely.

"And that lad is his own son."

"It is terrible; but he is but a lad, as you say."

"And therefore open, you would in mercy add, to evil influences."

"I was not going to add that, Clare; but it is true, no doubt. You once rebuked me for uncharity to him, and reminded me very properly that he and I were of widely different temperaments and dispositions."

"Oh, Herbert—dear Herbert—what are we to do?"

Miss Darrell entered the room as the question was concluded.

"Nothing," she answered for him; "nothing at present. Your trustees, my dear, will be here this afternoon—I have received a telegram from each of them—and no decision can be arrived at in their absence."

It struck her as highly undesirable that these two young people—one so full of sentiment and the other of scruples—should come to any understanding on so weighty a matter without consultation with their seniors. "It is a beautiful day; let us enjoy it, and forget this trouble till the time comes to bear it."

All three went to the station to meet their expected visitors. The London train, which was to bring Mr. Roden, arrived a few minutes before the Stokeville one, by which Mr. Oldcastle was to travel. The former gentleman was in a state of great effusion.

"How very good of you, uncle, to have come so promptly!" exclaimed Clare, with genuine gratitude.

"My dear niece, every trouble undertaken for you, however onerous, is, and always will be, a pleasure to me. Miss Darrell, I am charmed to make the acquaintance of my beloved niece's most devoted friend. And Mr. Hubert too! Delighted, I am sure, once more to meet you; a most auspicious occasion."

For the moment Herbert thought him demented, but Miss Darrell had a shrewd suspicion of what he had in his mind, and hurried him off to the hotel, not unwillingly. It was inconsistent with his dignity to wait on a railway platform for a country attorney, and he had also anxieties about his luggage. "I hold it to be a great principle of life," he said, "never to lose sight of one's portmanteau. My good man" (this to the hotel porter), "why do you turn it bottom upward? You always do it, I know; have you any logical reason for it? So my dearest niece is going to—marry her cousin after all?"

"Good heavens! What put that into your head, Mr. Roden? I was afraid you would have said something in Clare's presence."

"I, madam? Indeed, you little know me," he replied, drawing himself up; "I am the discreetest of men. But surely that is the same young gentleman I once met, under widely different circumstances, covered with oil. Hubert; I remember the name from *King John*."

"His name is Herbert—Herbert Newton; but Clare is not going to marry him, nor any one else."

"But this is most extraordinary," complained Mr. Roden. "Why, what am I brought here for? I am come down at a vast inconvenience and some expense—'

"The telegram said your journey would be paid, sir."

"Pardon me, my dear madam; be so good as to permit me to proceed. The journey, as you say, is provided for out of the estate, but of course there will be extras to which a man in my position can make no allusion. Delicacy forbids. I make no complaint on that score, but surely I have not been enveigled for nothing to this abandoned and deserted spot! Good heavens! where are the people? Is there any infectious disorder from the ravages of which the inmates have fled?"

"My good sir—" expostulated Miss Darrell.

"Once more pardon me, and permit me to conclude," proceeded Mr. Roden. "I have in that portmanteau a little cadeau for my sweet Clare. It is of the rarest—bumping it round the corner in that hand-barrow!—and most delicate china. Great heavens! how he is specially designed for the interesting occasion which I had pictured myself as about to attend!"

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Roden, your presence has been necessitated by quite another matter, and under circumstances far less agreeable. Mr. Oldcastle is coming on the same account."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the valetudinarian, adjusting his scarf with a shiver, "you don't mean to tell me that I have been brought down here in spring-time, when east winds are proverbially prevalent, upon a mere matter of business?"

"It is one, however, of some importance," observed Miss Darrell, dryly, "since it seriously affects your ward's fortune."

"I hope it does, madame," answered Mr. Roden, testily; "that is to say, I hope it will turn out to be an affair of sufficient weight to excuse such an extraordinary proceeding. What on earth can she have been doing to affect her fortune? Young girls should never have any money; they are never satisfied till they have lost it."

"Very likely; no doubt it is best that men should have everything," observed Miss Darrell, her smothered indignation finding vent in satire, of which the other was quite unconscious; "but as it happens, Clare is not to blame in this case. The misfortune has arisen from the conduct of her half-brother. You remember that young man, I dare say?"

"Of course I do. Edgar—Edgar Lyster, son of Clare's father by his second marriage," returned Mr. Roden, with some pride, arising from the consciousness of unwonted exactness.

"Not Edgar—Gerald," interposed Miss Darrell, gently.

"To be sure, as you say, not Edgar. I was thinking of *King Lear*. Shakspeare is a passion with me. So they've found out Gerald at last, have they? I read him like a book in those few days I spent at Stokeville. A young fellow, rather loose, or, if the expression is too coarse for a lady's ear, let me say 'fast,' but without any real harm about him; the mere exuberance of youth. Eh, what? Tells falsehoods? Now there you show your discernment, my dear Miss Daredevil—Deverell, I mean. I should say he was a most tremendous and unmitigated —yes—liar."

In the mean time Clare and Herbert had arrived with Mr. Oldcastle.

"What is the matter?" were the lawyer's first hurried words as he stepped out of the train. "You have had no communication from that bank, I do hope?"

"The bank!" said Clare. "What bank?"

"Oh, never mind. I was afraid that certain persons connected with the—but as they haven't done it, it doesn't signify—might have been making some direct application to you, instead of through the proper channel. It would have been highly unprofessional, but—well, if it is not that, it will keep. I never talk business in the open air. There's a text against it. The birds of the air will carry the matter. Mr. Roden here, did you say? What on earth did you send for him for? Important! That's the very reason why you shouldn't. Advice! You might just as well have called in a Chinese mandarin."

The co-trustees, however, shook hands across the tea-table with much cordiality.

"I am delighted to meet you again, my dear Mr. Newcastle," said Mr. Roden, "and under more auspicious—or at least, taking the average, less melancholy—circumstances than on the last occasion. Let me recommend a little Curaçoa in your tea."

"Not if we have a business matter to discuss," said the lawyer, smiling. "Now, my dear Miss Clare, who is to be the speaker—you, or Herbert, or Miss Darrell? Or is it a matter of united testimony?"

"It certainly is not," observed Miss Darrell, sharply. "The story you are about to hear is utterly destitute of corroboration. Clare, my darling, I am afraid you must repeat to these gentlemen what you have already told to me. I wish I could spare you the task."

It was certainly a painful ordeal for poor Clare, though she had the sympathy of her whole audience, who did their best to relieve her from embarrassment. Mr. Oldcastle put in a question here and there, which, so far from interfering with the flow of narration, was of great advantage to her, as, in answering his queries, she divested herself of the rôle of public speaker. Once Mr. Roden inquired whether there would be any objection—as he found his feelings on his dear niece's account getting a little too much for him—to his smoking a cigarette; but otherwise there were no interruptions.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE CONSULTATION.

**When** Clare had finished, every one looked toward Mr. Oldcastle, except Mr. Roden. Perhaps that gentleman did not understand that what was required was a professional opinion, and rather resented that this appeal should not have been made to himself as a man of the world, occupying so high a position in it, in the first instance. At all events he took occasion to make a remark which at once attracted attention to the proper quarter. "Well, I must say, my dear Clare, that Gerald is deserving of great credit."

"It is just there that I differ from you," replied Mr. Oldcastle, with unwonted promptness. "Credit is the very last thing I should be inclined to accord to his story."

"Pardon me; you are too hasty," continued Mr. Roden, with a pitying smile. "I was about to add, when you interrupted me, that Gerald deserves great credit for ingenuity, but that when one had praised the young man's talents for fiction, our admiration is exhausted."

"What we have first to look to in a statement of this nature," observed Mr. Oldcastle, "is motive."

"Just so," assented the valetudinarian. "My dear Mr. Herbert, oblige me with a light—or, since we are dealing with a narrative, should we not use, my dear sir, the French word *motif*?"

"In plain English, however, which I believe we all speak," pursued the lawyer, grimly, "the question simply is, 'What does he get by it?' As I have said, the story is incredible to me; but it is also inexplicable why Gerald should have invented it."

"Not at all," answered Mr. Roden. "If even the young gentleman had said he had put the clock on himself, I should not attach one whit more importance to his statement. From a love of notoriety people often confess to murders they have never committed; and as for Master Gerald, he has already done a good stroke of business in the way of sensation by bringing us down here on a fool's errand."

"There is some truth in what you say, Mr. Roden," admitted Miss Darrell; "but you don't know Gerald as we do. There is not only method but meaning in all he does. A practical joke is the last thing to enter his mind."

"There I quite agree with you, Miss Darrell," said the lawyer, gravely. "Indeed, saving Miss Clare's presence, who has the misfortune to be related to him, I fear that the young man has much more knave than fool in his composition."

"You have had proof of that, eh?" put in the little lady, sharply.

"Why, yes" (the lawyer was thinking of that check for five-and-twenty pounds, the circumstances connected with which Percy had hinted had better not be inquired into), "I am afraid I have. Now, my dear Miss Clare, there is one point in what you have told us that seems to me of the last importance: the question would be a painful one for me to put if your character were not well known to every one of us; but is it not your impression that at one time, at all events, during the course of Gerald's interview with you, he had the idea of obtaining hush-money?"

"He did say," answered Clare, with a deep flush, "that it was a question for my consideration whether it was worth while to tell anybody about this matter. He explained that, however, in another way."

"Just so; he saw he had gone too far," interrupted the lawyer, "and then went off on another tack. That course of conduct is very common in such cases. After that plan failed, he was less strenuous in his assertions, I conclude."

"Of the truth of his story? Not at all. Indeed, after the interview was over—the next morning—he left this note behind him: '*All that I told you last night is true from beginning to end.*'"

"Then he had two strings to his bow," remarked the lawyer, thoughtfully.

"And a deuced long bow it was," remarked Mr. Roden.

"Quite right, quite right," exclaimed Miss Darrell. "As a matter of fact, Herbert Newton here is a witness to the falsehood of Gerald's statement; he will tell you that the town clock struck midnight before he and the rest were summoned from the supper table to Mr. Lyster's room, when they found him still alive, so there was not only no need for fraud—a monstrous idea, to begin with, to any one who knew him—on the part of the dying man, but an absolute impossibility of its commission in respect of time."

"That is so," observed Herbert; "I remarked to Clare at supper that night that the town clock had just struck, and that it was therefore time to go up stairs as we had promised her father to do."

"And she heard it also?" put in the lawyer.

"No, I did not hear it," said Clare, "but was as certain of the fact as though I had, since Herbert affirmed it. Indeed, it was corroborated by the clock up stairs."

"That is, of course, the clock in your father's room to which Gerald's statement has reference," observed the lawyer. "Miss Darrell speaks of 'the rest.' There were others, then, besides you and Newton and Gerald present on that occasion."

"Gerald was not there," said Clare, gently; "he was up stairs, you know; but there was one other person with us—Mr. Percy Fibbert."

In his earnestness and satisfaction, Mr. Oldcastle did not remark the hesitation with which this name was mentioned, nor the blush that accompanied it.

"Then that settles the matter. Percy is indeed what you—and indeed Newton—are not, an independent witness; indeed, his interests lie the other way; and it is not to be conceived but that as a man of honor—"

Here he stopped, for he suddenly remembered that the relation between Clare and Percy had been suddenly broken off, for what reason he did not know, but probably a disagreeable one. Perhaps not finding her so wealthy as he had expected, and notwithstanding his protestations (often made to the lawyer himself) that money would make no difference to him in that matter, he had jilted her; moreover, the looks of all around him were so peculiar that Mr. Oldcastle felt he was getting on dangerous ground.

Before Miss Darrell, who was about to speak, could get out a word, Mr. Roden, delicately removing his cigarette, observed, "You may hold any opinion of the gentleman you may please, Mr. Oldcastle; but as my dear Clare's nearest relative and trustee, I must protest against anything whatever relating to her material interests being left to the honor of Mr. Percy Fibbert."

"You are a most uncommonly sagacious man," exclaimed Miss Darrell, with irrepressible admiration.

Mr. Roden bowed, smiled, laid his hand upon his heart, and daintily resumed his occupation. He had no objection to be called sagacious, but the fact was, it was no knowledge of Mr. Percy's character that had thus moved him, but the remembrance of a certain evening passed at Sir Peter's, on which he had been treated with much less consideration than was his due. The *amour propre* of much wiser men than Mr. Roden is at once their strongest and their weakest point, and any wound inflicted on it goes to the very root of what they are pleased to term their opinions.

Neither Clare nor Herbert uttered a word, but their silence, as Mr. Oldcastle felt, was sufficiently significant.

"Perhaps there are some here," he said, "who are in possession of other facts concerning this unhappy matter than have been communicated to me. Is it possible that there is any suspicion of collusion?"

"I have none, Mr. Oldcastle," answered Clare, firmly; "nor are there any grounds, as I believe, beyond mere prejudice, for such a suggestion. We have only to consider Gerald's story in relation to himself, and what to me is paramount, so far as it affects the memory of my dear father."

"But, my dear Miss Clare, even Gerald does not presume to suggest any intentional misdoing upon the part of Mr. Lyster. He said, as I read it in my notes here, that he performed the action imputed to him 'like one in his sleep,' or 'under an unconscious impulse,' which your brother himself explains as having arisen from his brain being in a 'morbid' state through its constantly dwelling on his own chance of survival into the present year, upon which such important interests depended. I am bound to say, from my own knowledge, that your poor father did give a great deal of thought to that contingency."

"Of course, if Gerald's tale be true," said Clare, "such would be the only explanation of the matter to those who knew my father. But I am thinking of those who did not know. Do you suppose that money—all the money in the world—would compensate me for the defilement of his good name? No: at all risks, at any sacrifice, I will keep it unsullied."

"My dear Miss Clare," said the lawyer, gravely, "I can not and will not imagine that your speech implies anything so monstrous and ruinous in intention as to give up what the fortunate prolongation of your father's life has secured to you—a competence which he may be truly said to have earned for you, since Dr. Dickson has assured me many times that nothing but a supreme effort of will enabled his patient to live on as he did; but if such a mad notion should have taken possession of you, I must point out that nothing would be more likely to produce the very misfortune that you dread, since the giving up of your undoubted rights would be a tacit admission that you had no claim to them, and if no claim, that it was abrogated by your father's act."

"I have thought of all that, Mr. Oldcastle," returned Clare, gently, "and, I think, have overcome the difficulty, if Gerald's tale is to be accepted."

"A large 'if,'" ejaculated Miss Darrell. "One hears of stories of a Cock and Bull, but they are Gospel to it."

Mr. Roden emitted a little stream of smoke in the speaker's direction, as though it were so much incense, and kissed his hand in gallant adhesion.

"I say, if Gerald's tale should, on the whole, be accepted as correct," pursued Clare, quite unmoved by these demonstrations, "I think my plain duty could be performed without the danger to which you allude. It is certain that only a very few minutes made the important difference to my prospects of which you speak. Indeed, as you know, Mr. Oldcastle, I have felt some scruples (though your arguments overcame them) in taking advantage of that circumstance; and why, though late, should I not once more entertain them? The firm would hardly be very solicitous to inquire into my reasons for this change of views, but if necessary it would be easy to attribute it to what, if (I say again) Gerald's tale be true, would be the true cause, namely, that since the event in question we have discovered that my father's clock, on the correctness of which everything hinges, was a few minutes fast."

"My dear Miss Clare, the case is admirably put, but—" Here the lawyer hesitated, smiling blandly, with his fingers on his watch chain.

"But you were about to say," interposed Miss Darrell, "that persons suffering from mental aberration do sometimes put absurd cases admirably. My dear Clare, I blush for your intelligence. Mr. Roden, did you ever hear anything so unreasonable?"

"My dear Miss Darrell, let me say rather unseasonable; it is midsummer madness."

"Still," pleaded the lawyer, smiling, "there is method in it, is there not, Mr. Newton?"

"Indeed, sir," answered Herbert, "supposing, as Clare says, we are to accept Gerald's story as true, it seems to me no better plan than hers could possibly be devised for combining restitution with secrecy. I don't think Sir Peter would stir the question of how she came to find the clock fast. I agree with my cousin that it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Gerald's statement; but I am much more disposed than she is to hold it a complete invention. As he sticks to it, however, of course it must be investigated; and this, because of Clare's delicate but very natural feeling in the matter, is our difficulty. We can only appeal from Gerald drunk, as it were, to Gerald sober; get him to retract a statement which by this time, perhaps, he regrets, if only from fear of the consequences."

"In plain English," observed the lawyer, "we must make it worth his while to tell the truth."

"I will have no bribery," exclaimed Clare, decisively; "not one shilling shall be given with my consent to close any one's mouth."

"What! not to prevent this young man telling a falsehood!" exclaimed Mr. Roden, throwing up his dainty hands. "My dearest Clare, where is your morality?"

"At all events," observed the lawyer, diplomatically, "there can be no harm in giving Gerald the opportunity of withdrawing his allegations in case he repents of having invented them. He suggests, what we don't think very possible, that his father was actuated, in what he is affirmed to have done, by a mechanical impulse; perhaps Gerald was driven to invent this very singular narration by a similar hallucination. If he repents his false step, he will know that, as has just been said of Sir Peter, we shall not be very solicitous to inquire how he came to make it."

"My opinion of him, however," remarked Miss Darrell, with a tightening of her lips, "whatever explanation of the phenomenon he may offer, will remain precisely the same."

"That, however, my dear madam," replied the lawyer, cheerfully, "such is the callousness of the human heart to moral reprobation, it is probable he will survive. What we are brought here to-day for is to put a stop to a calumny which, thanks to certain scruples on dear Miss Clare's part which, while we will not go so far as to say do greater honor to her heart than her head, may become a calamity; it is only a little spark at present, but if it once spreads, there will be a conflagration. What we want is not to bring Gerald to book—for that his accounts will be cooked we may be certain—but to obtain from him a retractation. I propose, therefore, to write to him in guarded tones, informing him why we have been summoned here, and requesting his immediate attendance, at the same time taking care to afford him not only an opportunity of recantation in case of repentance, but also a loop-hole of escape."

"It will be a composition that will require very delicate handling," observed Mr. Roden, dryly, "especially the construction of the loop-hole. I am quite of your opinion, my dear madam."

This last was an aside in reply to a muttered aspiration from Miss Darrell that the said loop-hole could be a slip-knot attached to a gallows.

"Oh, as to that," observed the lawyer, smiling, "in such cases a mere key-hole is amply sufficient for exit. I hope this plan, my dear Miss Clare, as being fair to every one, as well as merciful to Gerald himself, commends itself to your sense of right?"

At the moment Clare was thinking of a letter somewhat similar to the one proposed, written of late by herself, and also having a loop-hole, and what came of it. How hard it was to find baseness in one so dear, and now again (for it seemed taken for granted) in one so near!

"I suppose it is the wisest course," she sighed; "I thank all here from the bottom of my heart for all the pains they are taking for my sake."

But she felt, as every one could perceive who heard her, that it was labor in vain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ROSE'S VALENTINE.

By MARY A. BARR.

A ROSE was once in love, a sweet musk-rose,
Blowing beneath the sunny Asian sky;
Not with the tulips bright,
Nor with the lilies white—
She loved a gay and splendid Butterfly.

And who should know, if Roses do not know,
Cupid's own fete-day and his mystic sign?
So to the Nightingale
She told her sighing tale,
And bade him sing her love this valentine:

"O angel Rose, O wondrous flower with wings,
Whose golden petals roam the warm sweet air,
Here on my constant tree
I blush and wait for thee,
Thou who art so divinely free and fair.

"So free to come and go, while I must watch
For happy visits, all too short and rare,
Dreaming, in waiting bliss,
Of thy last tender kiss,
While thou art straying amid blossoms fair.

"But in my Rose heart thou alone art king,
My bright-winged love, fairer than all fair things!
By me take root, I pray;
Or, if thou fly away,
Let me go with thee: give thy Rose, love, wings."

## ON THE GREAT PLAINS.

MR. PAUL FRENZENY, in his two pictures on page 89, affords a vivid idea of the perils and discomforts that attend the conveyance of supplies in winter-time to the forts and the Indian agencies of the far Western plains. The supply train, guarded by soldiers, and led by an experienced guide, must traverse vast wastes of prairie, where the trail is covered with snow, and the way is found more by instinct than by visible signs. Nothing can exceed the fury of the winter storms that sweep over these plains, where there is nothing to obstruct their course, and the snow-fall is frequently of a depth unknown in the eastern part of the country. In the northern portions of the great West the dreaded "blizzards" are encountered, against which it is almost impossible for man or beast to make headway. When these storms prevail, the fiercely driving wind is filled with fine sharp particles of snow that strike against the face like needles, and produce the most intense pain, while the atmosphere attains an almost arctic temperature.

At the agency the supplies are given out to the Indians under the supervision of the agent, according to their necessities. Always improvident, and more than ever dependent upon government bounty now that the supply of game has decreased so largely, the tribes would die out more rapidly than the deer and buffalo were it not for the distribution of food and clothing through these agencies. The Indians are slow to change their wild and roving life; but as the encroachment of civilization on their hunting grounds goes on with accelerating speed from year to year, if they do not soon begin to adopt the ways of the white settlers, and learn to cultivate the soil, they must of necessity disappear from the face of the earth.

## THIRTY MINUTES OF FIRE.

ONE of the peculiar features of New York is the number of publication offices clustered about the east side of the City Hall Park, and of these a goodly share have been established in the square bounded by the Park, Nassau Street, Beekman Street, and the open space occupied by the statue of FRANKLIN, and known in tradition, if not in law, as Printing-house Square. This "block" was made up of two buildings, the northern owned and mainly used by the *Times*, the southern until recently the home of the *World*. In this southern portion were situated the old and staid *Observer*, the *Scientific American*, the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, the *Scottish American Journal*, the *Press*, and one or two foreign publications, and closely connected with these the extensive advertising agency of PETTINGILL & Co., several patent agencies, and a host of more or less similar offices. The building, built more than a quarter of a century ago, was known by the name of its owner as "the POTTER building." It was a peculiar structure, with numerous narrow and bewildering passages, a mass of small rooms divided by wooden partitions, flanked by all sorts of irregular closets, and presenting the general aspect of a neglected and overcrowded bee-hive. On the first floor were several large trading establishments, including an India rubber store and a well-known stationer's, around which were grouped miscellaneous business places, from an apple stand to a fashionable tailor's. From the ground-floor to the roof ran a "well" in which stairways were placed, and a shaft in which an elevator was being erected. On this vast shell, mounting five stories toward the sky, and filled with its tumble-down partitions and wooden stairways, the firemen of New York have for several years kept an anxious eye, especially since the splendid MORSE and KELLY buildings have run up on either angle.

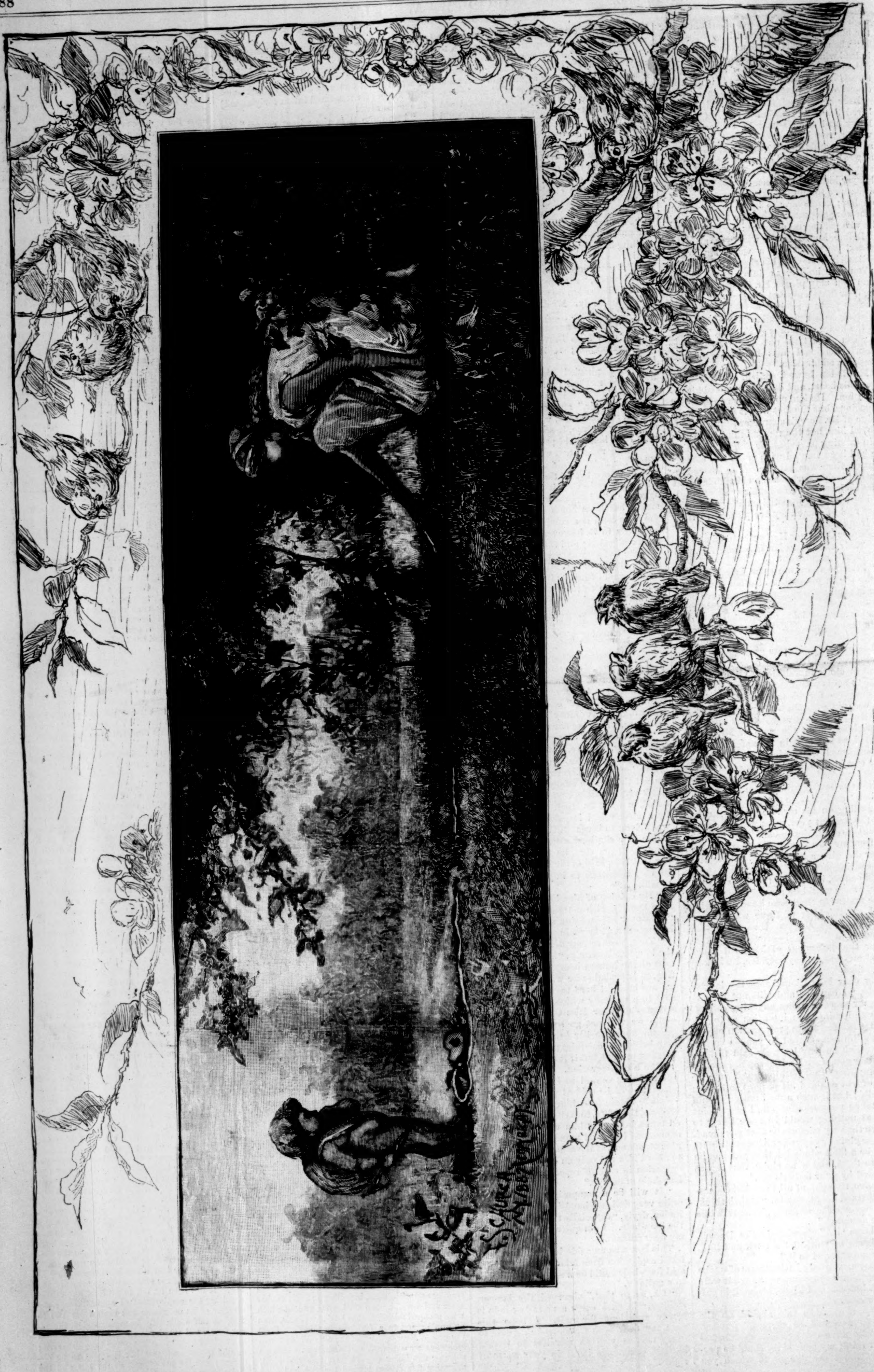
On Tuesday morning, the 31st of January, a policeman patrolling Theatre Alley, which abuts upon the south end of the building, saw smoke creeping in a thin column from the cellarway. He sprang to the fire-alarm and gave the signal. The engines, despite the snow-covered pavement and the pitiless storm, came whirling in from every side in from three to eight minutes, but before the first one turned the corner of Fulton Street, the whole front of the building was in flames. An occupant of an office opposite on Nassau Street saw the smoke at the same moment, and rushed across, shouting as he ran. Before he reached the fated building, men on the ground-floor were running for their lives. A hook-and-ladder company dashed down Beekman Street. As it brought its truck to a stand, the foreman saw a slight woman's form poised on a window-sill on the fourth floor. A ladder was swung into position. It was too short by some fifteen feet. Men sprang from the crowd and lifted the foot upon their shoulders; a fireman ran swiftly up; the girl, unheeding the shouts from below to leap into a canvas held to receive her, coolly awaited his arrival, dropped steadily some ten feet across his outstretched arm, and was borne in safety to the ground. The fireman afterward said that the only thing that seemed to worry her was the fear that her skirts were disarranged. On the Park Row side the inmates of the offices broke through the windows, crept along the ledges to the next building, or climbed hand over hand by the signboards, slippery with the snow. In the fourth story three men appeared at a window imploring help. A quick-witted colored boot-black, whose portrait is given on page 84, "shinned" up a telegraph pole on the corner, and loosed a rope of wires, which fell in front of the window, and down this the desperate prisoners slid in safety.

But not all were so fortunate. The fire, which sprang so suddenly and savagely to its work, soon cut off all escape by ordinary channels. Within a half-hour after the cloud of smoke was first seen, the building was gutted and the upper walls had fallen in. No one knows, and no one can ever discover with absolute certainty, how many human forms were carried down with the crashing ruin. One poor woman leaped in terror from the fourth floor, and was killed. A printer, who had clung some minutes to the ledge of a window, shared the same fate. A girl's form was seen struggling to escape from one of the upper windows, but fell back into the flames. The police report five dead and inquiries at the various stations for a half-dozen missing persons employed in the building. Some of those who escaped tell of having left a score of companions behind; the self-possessed young lady who dropped into the embrace of her rescuer on Beekman Street thinks that at least twenty-five persons perished when the walls went down. The known facts are very few, the accounts rendered are confused and necessarily untrustworthy; we can only be sure that there were lives lost, and that it was as by miracle that so many escaped who were in peril.

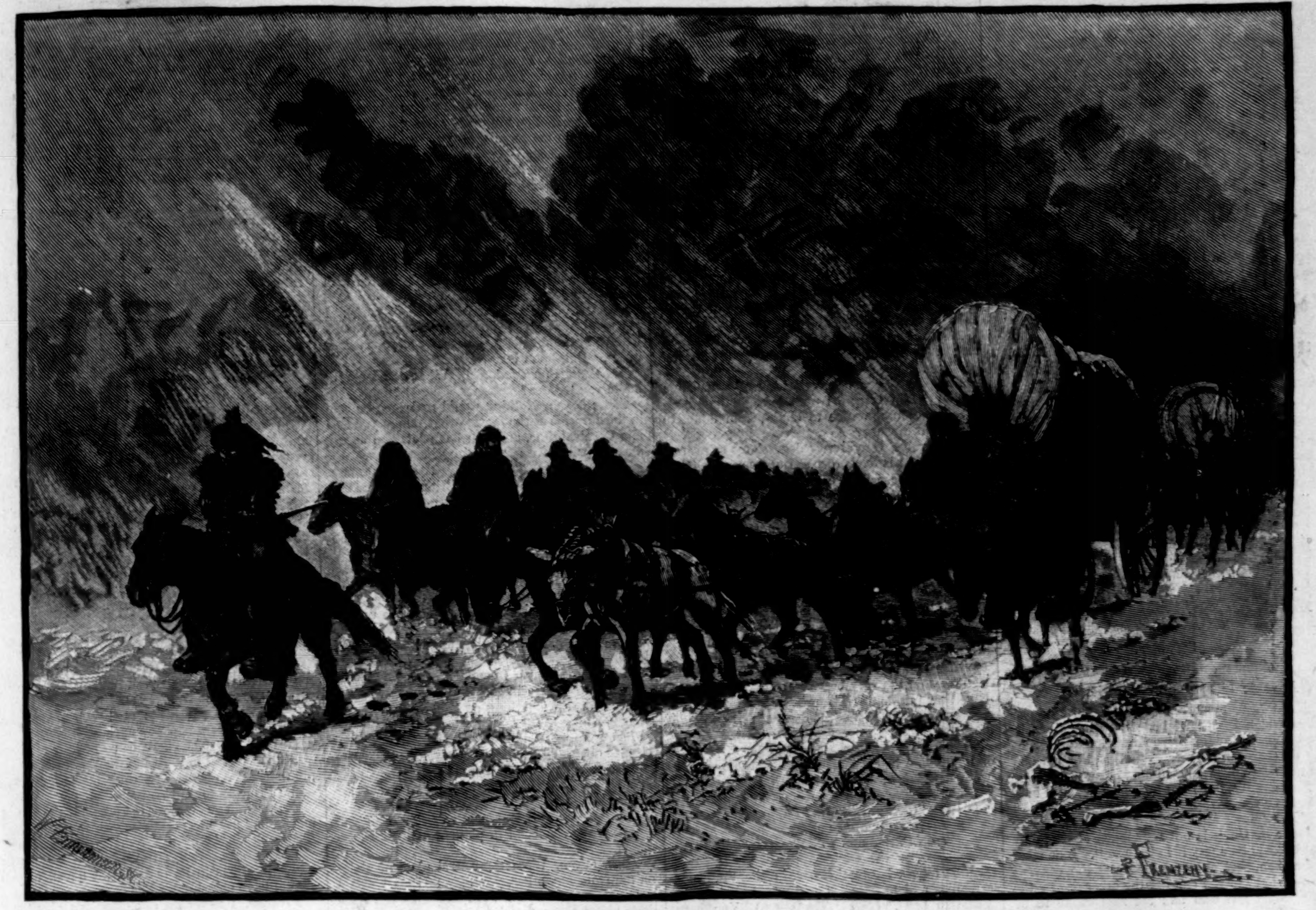
All agree in praising the swiftness, the skill, courage, and devotion of the firemen. Within the half-hour which consumed three-quarters of a million of property, other property many millions in value was in imminent danger. Two of the largest and finest office buildings in New York were divided by only fifty feet from the burning structure. The firemen saved them by heroic effort, fighting the fire where the heat was so intense that streams had to be kept constantly drenching them, and where these rose in clouds of steam about them. But what can the best fire service avail against the conscienceless cupidity which shuts hundreds of human beings in a five-story building so outrageously constructed and maintained that it can be burned to a shapeless ruin in thirty minutes?

The appalling rapidity with which the POTTER building was consumed raises the questions, how many similar fire-traps are there in New York? and how far is our system of inspection adequate to protect the lives of those who trust themselves within such walls? As to the first question, there can be no definite answer; but any one who will walk a half-mile in any direction from HARPER'S will easily find a score of buildings which, if not so large, are quite as dangerous as the POTTER building. They abound in all parts of the city, but especially in the older quarters below Fourteenth Street. There are whole blocks of shops and factories which have originally been dwelling-houses, and of which the thin walls, narrow hallways, wooden stairs, and lath-and-plaster partitions still remain. Other and more pretentious structures are occupied as extensive boarding-houses, hotels, or "apartment" houses. In most of them the commonest precautions for safety in case of fire are neglected; there is no way provided for checking it, none for escaping from it, but every possible provision for spreading it rapidly and efficiently.

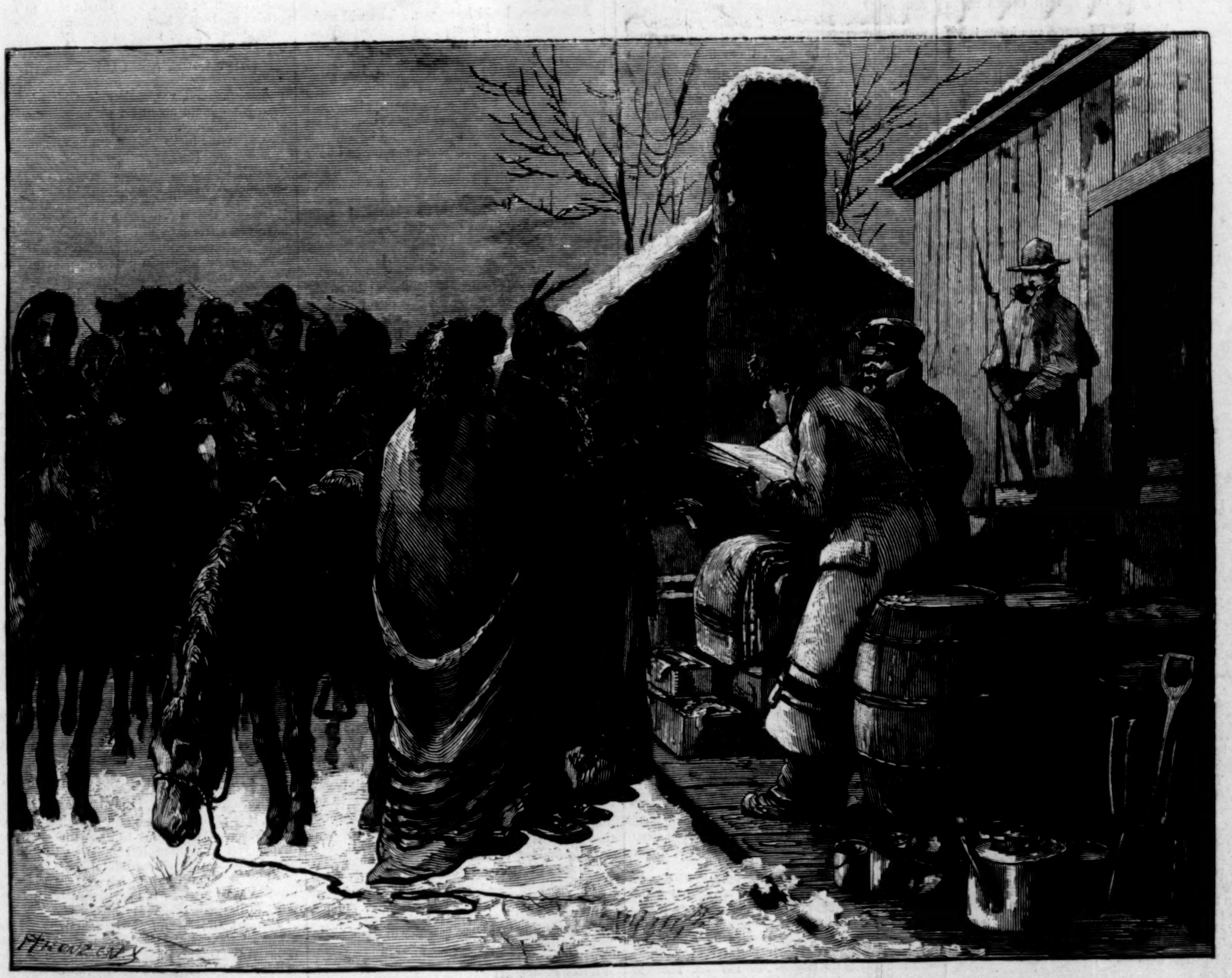
As to the question of the adequacy of our system of inspection, the fire of the 31st ult. is a sufficient answer. Such as the POTTER building was the day it went down in half an hour, it has been for the past dozen years. It was not, in the first half of its existence, fit for human occupation, but in the latter half it has been maintained in open violation of the express requirements of the law. It has been let out to printers and others requiring the employment of subordinates; the number of its occupants has been from 150 to 200, most of whom have been engaged on the upper floors, and yet the law requiring fire-escapes in precisely such cases has never been observed; no one has seemed to think it ought to be observed; and for the officers of the law and the violators of it, it has been as if it were not.



"TEMPTATION."—From a Water-Color Painting by F. S. Church.—Engraved for Harper's Weekly by permission of Mr. Lawson Valentine.—[See Page 92.]



A SUPPLY TRAIN IN A SNOW-STORM.



DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES TO INDIANS.

WINTER LIFE ON THE PLAINS.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

## LOVE'S AIM.

By MARGARET VELEY.

Once, beneath a leafy tree,
  Did a poet, dreaming, lie;
Would not lift his head to see
  Cupid, lightly roving by.
Low he laid his drowsy head,
  Murmured low in sleepy craft,
'Let me feign that I am dead,
  So shall I escape his shaft."

Then the little laughing god
  At a venture drew his bow;
Where the arrow struck the sod,
  Rosy flowers began to blow.
Came a maid, as come the bees,
  Took the blossoms for her part,
And the poet, on his knees,
  Found the arrow in his heart.

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[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1307, Vol. XXVI.]

# RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

Philip Dormer, *Earl L'Estrange.*
Marquis of Ipswich (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
Principe Carlo Sanfriano.
Aldred Dorian.
Duca di Montelupo.
Claire, *Madame Glyon.*
Laura, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
Lady Cowes.
Countess of St. Asaph.
Marchesa Zanzini.
*Other minor persons.*

### Scene V.

*Same room, five o'clock next day.*

*Present:* L'Estrange *and the* Princess.

*L'Estrange.* Princess, in spite of your kind promises, which I am sure have been sustained by kind offices, Madame Glyon remains forever on the defensive with me. What is the reason? Do not spare my vanity in answering me.

*Princess.* Well, I must tell you a secret if I am to answer you honestly.

*L'Estrange.* I will be worthy of your confidence.

*Princess.* Oh, it is not very much of one, only Claire would be angry if I spoke of it. You must know, then, that she and I were at the convent with—what did you call her the other day?—the poor young girl who had the misfortune to be your wife of a year.

*L'Estrange.* I understand. Madame Glyon remembers her, pities her, and so deems me a wretch?

*Princess.* Exactly. Of course you know it did make a terrible impression on all of us, and Claire, being older than I, felt it more. I do not think anything you could ever say or do would change the impression that she has of you.

*L'Estrange.* She is very unjust; it is of no use to go over that old ground, yet it is strange that so serene a woman should show herself so implacable on a matter that can never have touched herself.

*Princess.* She was attached to your wife; pity is very strong in such a woman as Claire.

*L'Estrange.* She has none for me.

*Princess.* My dear Lord L'Estrange, she probably is as convinced as I am that you never can possibly be a subject for compassion.

*L'Estrange.* Be serious, dear Princess. Surely, by all I have said to you, you must believe that my admiration for your friend is so strong that it must be called by another word. Therefore her coldness to me is more than painful; it is so distressing to me that I am a fool to linger on in Rome.

*Princess.* Oh, she is going back to Paris at *Mi-carême.* But, really and truly, with all this feeling for her, would it carry you so far as to make you commit another folly in marriage?

*L'Estrange.* You are her friend, and you call it a folly?

*Princess.* Certainly, from the world's point of view, which your marriage with the gardener's daughter was. Claire is a famous woman, but she is not of high birth; she is not rich, and the ill-nature of society has touched her. You know it is like London soot; it flies about by the merest accident, but if it smudges you, the smut makes you look foolish, though you be white as snow.

*L'Estrange.* Princess, she is your friend, therefore you will believe that I would not insult either you or herself by a mere frivolous curiosity. Will you let me ask you, then, honestly—is she free to marry?

*Princess.* To marry you?

*L'Estrange.* Well, put it so—is she? There is a rumor, more than a rumor, that Glyon is not dead.

*Princess.* But would you marry her?

*L'Estrange.* Please answer my question first.

*Princess.* Then, yes; ten times over, yes; she can be your wife, if she wish it, with as clear a conscience as I am Carlino's. But do you wish it? That I doubt very much.

*L'Estrange.* I am beginning to wish it passionately. I gave her to understand me so last night.

*Princess.* And what did she say?

*L'Estrange.* Nothing; we were interrupted; your rooms were so full.

*Princess.* But seriously—you do not seriously mean that you are ready to give your title a second time to a woman without birth?

*L'Estrange.* If I be willing to dower your friend with all I possess, it is not you, Princess, who should quarrel with me. She has a grand genius, and I am sure a grand nature. They are worth sixteen quarterings. I am a conservative in some ways, but I have no prejudices.

*Princess.* I am sure you mean what you say now, or you think you do; but I am so afraid that—you are so very changeable—

*L'Estrange.* That is her idea. I am not so.

*Princess.* I mean, you know, that when you see a rare piece of Céladon or Crackling that charms you, you bid against everybody, and would ruin yourself to have it knocked down to you. But then, when you have it in your collection a little time, you begin to think—perhaps it is an imposture, perhaps it is not worth its money, perhaps somebody else has something like it or something better; and then, little by little, little by little, you quite grow into disgust with the poor piece, and would like to put it out of your cabinets altogether, if you were only quite sure. Now one woman you have already treated like the bit of Céladon, and though you are so eager now to pay any price for another, I am afraid you would feel much the same to her in time, if you get your way. And Claire is not a mere piece of china; she is a very sensitive and very proud woman.

*L'Estrange.* You have a poor impression of me; your friend has inoculated you with her opinions.

*Princess.* Can you deny that toward your china you do gradually grow from adoration to indifference, from indifference to doubt, from doubt to downright disgust?

*L'Estrange.* One always depreciates or overestimates what is one's own. But your parallel is not quite true. I have pieces of old Vienna, of Japanese, of Crackling, with which I have been satisfied for twenty years. It is only where there is a doubt that one grows whimsical and dissatisfied.

*Princess.* Well, Claire to you would be like the china that you do doubt about. If you won her, you would always be saying to yourself, What does the world think of her?

*L'Estrange.* You make me a poor creature.

*Princess.* No, no; only a connoisseur not easy with his *bibelôts* unless the whole of mankind be envying them. Envy is the mark that society scratches on the very best of everything, as I believe they put double L's on the Bourbon Sèvres. Unless your Sèvres had the double L's, you would not care for it.

*L'Estrange.* You are so witty, Princess, that it is impossible to keep up with you, and I do not want wit to-day; I want sympathy.

*Princess.* Try and get it from Claire.

[Mme. Glyon *enters, not seeing* L'Estrange; *she has a quantity of daffodils and narcissus in her hand. She speaks to the* Princess.

*Mme. Glyon.* Laura, these are lovelier than your camellias and azaleas. I will put them in your Venetian bowl. (*Sees* L'Estrange.) You here again, Lord L'Estrange? Good-morning. Why must one say morning even while vespers are sounding?

*L'Estrange.* Dinner is the only meridian we recognize. I never knew why we have not called it supper. You have got those flowers in the Doria woods, I think?

*Mme. Glyon.* Yes; I have been there with Bébé.

*Princess.* Ah, my Bébé, I must go and see him. I hope you have not tired him. I am afraid he is getting to love you better than me.

*Mme. Glyon.* I shall be gone in ten days, and then Bébé will forget.

[*Exit the* Princess. L'Estrange *approaches* Mme. Glyon *as she is arranging the daffodils.*

*L'Estrange.* Do you believe it is so easy to forget you, even for Bébé?

*Mme. Glyon.* Yes, it is very easy. Bébé is a boy; over his Easter eggs he will forget even what my face is like.

*L'Estrange.* I do not think even Bébé at his mature years will be so faithless. I wish you would have more true conception of the hold you take upon us through our eyes, as Spaniards say. Most people have so far too much self-esteem. You err in the very opposite fault of self-detraction and self-depreciation.

*Mme. Glyon.* No; I know where my strength lies, and where my weakness does. I can force the world into admiration of my works, but I never yet could influence a living being. Some people are like that; their power of volition is expended on their art; in the facts of life they are weak, and write their names in water.

*L'Estrange.* You write yours in fire on men's memories. Will you let me say again what I said ill last night? Will you—

*Mme. Glyon.* Leave it unsaid; I will consider it unsaid. You spoke on a mere impulse—a whim of the moment. We all know such a whim cost you dear once.

*L'Estrange.* Can you never leave in oblivion that one folly? After all, it was no crime.

*Mme. Glyon.* I think it was one. I may be hypercritical.

*L'Estrange.* If it were, leave it in its grave.

*Mme. Glyon.* In her grave.

*L'Estrange.* You are most unjust. One moment you call my hapless marriage a whim, the next a crime. It can not be both. If I be such a poor light piece of thistle-down I can not seriously be loaded with responsibilities so weighty. I can not see what that one action of my past can have to do with you.

*Mme. Glyon.* Nothing; only I am quite well aware that what you profess to feel for me is of no more worth, and will have no longer life, than what you felt for the gardener's daughter of whom you made a countess.

*L'Estrange.* Good heavens! how shall I convince you? Can you compare yourself one instant, in your genius, your brilliancy, your fame, to that poor child whose mere physical loveliness, for an hour of summer passion, made me lose my wits and brave the laughter of the world?

*Mme. Glyon* (*looking at him sternly*). There is not so very vast a difference. I am of the people. Your world, if it do not laugh at me, often slanders me. To love *me*, a man would need to be indifferent to comment and to innuendo; no coward before conventionality, and deaf as a marble wall to the envenomed buzz of chattering tongues. Lord L'Estrange, you are not such a man.

*L'Estrange.* I could become such—for you.

*Mme. Glyon.* You think so at this moment. I believe you to be sincere. But you deceive yourself. You never would resist the pressure of social opinion. You see me through your own eyes now, and do me more than justice; but if I listened to you, soon—very soon—you would see me through the eyes of others, and little by little you would quarrel with yourself once more for having been a fool.

*L'Estrange* (*bitterly*). Ah! You can reason so ably and so coldly because I do not touch a fibre of your sympathies; I do not for a moment quicken a pulse of your heart. If you had the faintest feeling for me, you would not condemn me with such chilly logic.

*Mme. Glyon* (*looking down on the daffodils*). I am not insensible to the honor you do me, and I believe in the momentary sincerity of your assurances. But—that is all.

*L'Estrange* (*passionately*). What can I say to make you believe?

*Mme. Glyon.* Nothing would make me believe in the duration of the fantasy that moves you this idle Carnival-time, and will have left you as my memory will have left Bébé by Easter-day.

[*She rings. A servant enters.*

*Mme. Glyon* (*to* Servant). Bring water for this bowl of flowers. Lord L'Estrange, why do you distress yourself and me? Go—go in peace; and when you awake out of this momentary madness, as you will do very soon, you will say to yourself, "How nearly I committed a second folly because a woman's pictures had a *morbidezza* and a fancy in them that I liked!"

*L'Estrange.* You are cruel. You are unjust. You are utterly wrong.

*Mme. Glyon.* Here is Giovanni with the water. He understands English very well.

*L'Estrange.* But if I could convince you of the sincerity of my feelings—of their constancy—would there be anything on your side to forbid your listening to me?

*Mme. Glyon.* It is mere waste of time to discuss the impossible.

*L'Estrange.* At least do me the justice of a frank reply. Would you be free to grant me what I solicit?

*Mme. Glyon.* What do you mean?

*L'Estrange.* I mean in plain words—is Glyon dead?

*Mme. Glyon.* Were there a shadow of claim on me from any other, you may be sure I would not have let you speak such words as you have done. But these questions are very idle. Lord L'Estrange, in plain words, since you ask them, I refuse you.

*L'Estrange.* I will leave you. You will make my excuses to the Princess. [*Exit.*

[*She completes the arrangement of the flowers, and then dismisses the servant. Alone, she sinks into a seat, and bursts into tears.*

He loves me now! And if I could keep up the comedy, he would love me, perhaps, always. I might marry him again, and he need never know the truth. But I would not win him by a lie—it would be too base. Maybe even as far as I have gone is wrong; and yet it was such temptation to see his cold heart day by day warm and soften toward me, and his fastidious fancy find in me his ideal. And he is so dear to me—so dear! How could he not know that I resented so passionately because I loved so well! Maybe even now we might be happy—no, not if he knew the truth. I should lose all my charm for him; he would be once more afraid of all my antecedents; he would be once more seeing the peasant in my step, in my voice, in my habits; he thinks me a muse, a goddess, *now*—but if he knew! He is so utterly the unconscious slave of his fancy, he is so entirely under the dominance of mere caprice, when he learned that he was in love with his own wife, he would be disenchanted like a child who sees the fairy of a pantomime, stripped of her gossamer wings and golden crown, trudging through mud, in common every-day attire. He is entirely the creature of his fancy, as the child is. And I could not risk it again—the gradual disillusion, the impatience that only courtesy controlled, the fading away of tenderness into dissatisfaction, the changing of adoration into incessant criticism; no, I could never bear them now. Better that we should forever live apart. I have art; he has the world. He will be happy; in three months' time he will have forgotten my rejection. And yet, O Heaven! how hard it is not to cry out to him, My love! my love!

### Scene VI.

*Dorian's Studio.*

*Present:* Lady Cowes, Lady St. Asaph, *the* Princess, Ipswich, Montelupo.

*Princess.* Is Dorian really gone?

*Lady St. Asaph.* Oh yes, to the Soudan. I am so thankful!

*Princess.* Oh dear, how can you be! All his delightful life in Rome to be broken up like this, and all these delicious things to be sold—it is too utterly vexing; and his Tuesday teas for us in Carnival were the very pleasantest things one had—how can you say you are thankful? and that delicious negro and the *niello* tea-pot!

*Lady St. Asaph.* Dear Princess, you know *why* I am thankful. A temporary break-up is very much better for him than a life-long misfortune, and you can buy the tea-pot at the sale; the negro is gone with him to Africa.

*Lady Cowes.* And of course he will come back with another negro in a year or two, and begin to buy tea-pots again, and get tapestries together in a new studio. It was the very wisest thing he could do to go.

*Ipswich.* Is it true, Princess, that your handsome friend sent him to the Soudan because she is trying it on with L'Estrange?

*Lady Cowes.* Every one knows that, Lord Ipswich, except, perhaps, the Princess.

*Princess* (*hastily*). It is utterly false.

*Lady Cowes and Lady St. Asaph* (*together*). Oh, dear Princess!

*Princess.* Utterly false! If you must know, she refused to marry both Aldred Dorian and Lord L'Estrange. There, you make me say mean things—things I never ought to say—because you are so obstinate, so untrue, so unkind.

*Lady St. Asaph* (*angrily*). She certainly did not refuse Aldred Dorian. We talked to him—we are cousins—and he said how right we were, and determined to go to Africa.

*Princess.* As if Dorian was such a contemptible creature as to be talked to—talked over! Of course you don't believe me, but I know she refused him here in this very studio.

*Lady Cowes.* She told you so, I suppose?

*Princess.* No, she did not. Dorian told me himself. He was wretched. He will never be the same man or the same artist again—

*Ipswich* (*laughing*). And is L'Estrange wretched? On my word I don't see it. He was buying brocades in the Ghetto this morning with all the zest imaginable.

*Princess.* His soul never rises above brocades and *bibelôts!* No, I don't mean that; he can be very nice, very charming, but it makes me angry to see how he does absorb himself in old rubbish. It is better than horses, though.

*Lady St. Asaph.* I thought you said he was in love with your friend? She certainly is entirely modern, as nobody ever heard of her till five years ago.

*Princess.* Oh, you mean till all Paris crowded to her great picture of the "Gleaners." Well, no artist can be heard of until something's exhibited.

*Ipswich.* Come, Princess, you don't mean seriously that she has thrown over L'Estrange?

*Princess.* I am very sorry I said it. I ought not to have said it; but as I have said it, I can't unsay it, and it is true.

*Ipswich.* Well, it beats me!—when his marriage twelve years ago was such a blunder.

*Lady St. Asaph.* There can not be any question of anything half so innocent as even a stupid marriage. Madame Glyon's husband is alive—the Princess told us so the other day.

*Princess.* You quite misunderstood what I meant, and my friend is quite free to marry Lord L'Estrange if she choose to marry him.

*Lady Cowes.* Well, I think he had better ask a few questions in Paris first—the questions *you* should have asked, dear Princess.

*Princess.* I never do ask questions about my friends. I was born in a country house on the St. Lawrence, where nobody is supposed to know good manners, and I was taught that to sneak behind anybody's back, to pry about them, was a very vulgar sort of thing to do. But, in society, everybody does seem to me to be vulgar.

[Lady Cowes *and* Lady St. Asaph *laugh slightly.*

*Ipswich.* Well, yes, society *is* a bit of a cad, there's no doubt about it; we do slang one another so awfully. Here's L'Estrange; come to look after the *niello* tea-pot, I'll be bound.

*L'Estrange* (*salutes them, and adds to* Lady St. Asaph). I can not tell you how sorry I am about Dorian. Are these things really to be sold?

*Ipswich.* There! That's all he thinks about. He wants the tea-pot and the tapestries. To have one's friends really interested in one's disappearance or death, one must have got together a lot of good things in pots and pans and bed-curtains and old iron.

*L'Estrange.* Are they really to be sold?

*Lady St. Asaph.* Oh yes; he does not mean to come back.

*L'Estrange.* He will come back. No one can stay away from Rome who once has cared for it.

*Lady St. Asaph.* But they are all to be sold; he has left all directions to Costa's judgment.

*L'Estrange.* He is great friends with Costa. I am so very sorry; few have so fine a mind as Dorian; few give one such genial companionship.

*Princess.* And such delightful Tuesday teas. How we shall miss those Tuesdays, with those solemn tapestries frowning at our frivolity!

*Lady St. Asaph.* We must be going homeward. Good-day, dear Princess; we shall meet at Madame Minghetti's.

[*Exit with* Lady Cowes *and* Ipswich.

*Princess.* I have to wait here for Carlino. He wants to look over the things before any regular arrangement is made about them. It seems Dorian has some wonderful *trasferato* work in steel and silver.

*L'Estrange.* Yes; I know it; it is exquisite. I will see Costa at once, and try and buy everything as it stands, without letting a sale come on. Dorian is terribly mistaken to think of selling his things. One should never do that.

*Princess.* Lord L'Estrange, I said just now that you cared for nothing but brocades and *bric-à-brac.* It seemed a little harsh when I had said it, but you see it is true. You are feeling nothing for Aldred Dorian; you are only thinking of buying his things, just as Carlino is.

*L'Estrange.* Princess, I am thinking of buying them, it is true; but I am only thinking of it for this reason—that I want to keep the *atelier* together just as Dorian left it, so that when he comes back, as he will certainly do, he can have it all again if he please to have it; he will only need to hand me over my purchase-money. I do not like Dorian's things to be dispersed.

*Princess.* Oh—h—h! I beg your pardon, I did misjudge you. But how can you go buying brocades at the Ghetto when you pretend to be miserable about Claire's indifference?

*L'Estrange.* *L'un n'empêche pas l'autre.* One's habits are a part of one's self; one puts them on as one puts one's boots on in the morning. Besides, you must remember I do not "sorrow as those that have no hope." I believe that Madame Glyon will come in time to do me justice, as you have now done in a lesser matter.

*Princess.* But she is going away.

*L'Estrange.* To Paris? Well, I usually spend the spring in Paris. I do not foresee any great obstacle in her return to Paris. If there were no greater—

*Princess.* And you really would make her your Countess?

*L'Estrange.* I would really make her my Countess, if you like that *Court Circular* form of expression. I prefer to say that I would make her my wife. It seems the warmer term.

*Princess.* Do you know, Lord L'Estrange, I am getting quite fond of you.

*L'Estrange.* I am too charmed.

*Princess.* I never thought you had so much feeling; and it isn't *only* evanescent, is it?

*L'Estrange.* As far as I know myself, it is not. It is of this that I want you to persuade your friend. She got rid of me yesterday by means of daffodils and a servant, and it is difficult for me to approach her again yet. She was so very cold. Indeed, she seems always disposed to resent as an impertinence the highest compliment that a man can pay to a woman.

*Princess.* Well, I have done all I can. But Claire has her own views—it is difficult to change them. I think you will do better not to worry her.

*L'Estrange.* Worry her? You certainly do treat one to rough facts, Princess. I suppose what you mean is that one must ride a waiting race.

*Princess.* Yes, that is what I do mean. I quite understand your impatience. You are a very great person, and you have got a very high place, and you would give all you have to Claire, and you naturally expect your generosity to meet at least with gratitude. Only you see it is all spoiled in her eyes by the fact that you were equally generous to that poor peasant girl, and repented it.

*L'Estrange.* I think it hard that a long-past folly, which was, after all, a chivalrous folly, should forever be quoted against me.

*Princess.* Perhaps it is hard, but it is good for you to taste a wholesome bitterness for once. You have been fed on honey. (*The* PRINCE *enters.*) Carlino, it is no use your fretting yourself over the *trasferato*; Lord L'Estrange is going to buy up everything by a private arrangement.

*Prince.* Is that so, *caro mio?*

*L'Estrange.* I am going to try and do it, at any rate. It is folly to break up this charming *atelier*. Dorian will certainly return.

*Prince.* When he has ceased to break his heart about La Glyon. Laura should send that lady back to Paris: she makes mischief here. There is Sant' Elmo now wild to marry her, and he is *bon prince* and enormously rich, and a handsome lad too; she will take him, I dare say.

*Princess.* No, she will not; you will not understand, Carlino. She does not want to marry—again.

*Prince.* Oh yes, she is a muse, and all that, but she will take a very big thing when it comes to her. Dorian was not a very big thing; he was only a fairly nice thing. That was not enough for your friend. She is ambitious. One sees that in the way her head is poised. Now Sant' Elmo is a grand marriage; you can not have a grander—off a throne: Roman prince, Spanish duke, Hungarian margraf, and rich—ouf!—if I were only as rich!

*Princess* (*low to* L'ESTRANGE). Don't you feel as if you were at Christie's or the Drouot, bidding against Lord Dudley for a *vieux Vienne* cup?

*L'Estrange.* I did not need the stimulus.

*Prince.* Lord L'Estrange, shall we go together to the Via Margutta? If Costa refuse to let you purchase *en bloc*, I should like to say a word to him about the *trasferato*.

*L'Estrange.* Certainly. The Princess comes with us?

*Princess.* No; I shall stay here till Claire comes, and then we are going very far out to some convent to see some Madonna of Mino's that no male eyes must profane.

[MME. GLYON *enters. The* PRINCE *and* L'ESTRANGE *bow to her and go out.*

Claire, he is going to buy all Dorian's things, and keep them till Dorian comes back. Isn't it nice of him? Do you know, he *is* very nice when you understand him. I do—I do, indeed, think you are in error.

*Mme. Glyon.* I know that I have been in error when I came into this room. I allowed a noble nature like Dorian's to fasten its hopes on me, which he never would have done if we had not, tacitly at any rate, led him to believe that my husband was not living. I can never forgive myself the wreck of Dorian's happy and noble life; but, if you will believe me, until he spoke of it here, I never dreamed of his feeling for me anything more than that sympathy which the same tastes and art beget.

*Princess.* And now Carlino says there is Sant' Elmo?

*Mme. Glyon.* Oh, that handsome boy will find many to console him. Dorian is very different; to him I have been guilty.

*Princess.* And I think you are—not altogether right to Lord L'Estrange.

*Mme. Glyon.* How can any one in a false position be altogether right to any one? A false position is like a wrong focus in photography, it distorts everything. My motives in all I have done have been innocent enough, but concealment always ends in some sin or another.

*Princess.* No, no—sin is too big a word—too ugly a word; it does not suit you at all. Your worst faults are pride and oversensitiveness; they are no very grave ones. But, indeed, Claire, he does love you now, not only with his fancy. I can not see why you should not tell him.

*Mme. Glyon.* He would be disenchanted in one instant. He is only captive by his imagination. The other day he saw the cast of my foot at Story's studio, and found it perfect; if he knew now that it had ever gone in wooden shoes over the ploughed fields, he would find at once that the ankle was too thick or the instep too high. Alas! I know him so well—so well!

*Princess.* And you make him out a fool.

*Mme. Glyon.* Oh no; only a *dilettante* full of caprice.

*Princess.* Well, I think you wrong him. I have said so fifty times, and I never thought to live to say so either. Would you let me try the experiment I told you of the other day? He ought at least to know you live. If you continue to reject him, he may turn for solace to some one else; then he may want to marry that some one else, and then you will have to tell him *coûte que coûte*.

*Mme. Glyon.* Oh no; I have kept silence twelve years. I can very well keep it all my life. And you will never betray me?

*Princess.* Never, unless you bid me. But I think you do very wrongly. You are of that sort of nature which self-sacrifice fascinates; and because an act is a martyrdom, you can not also imagine that it may be at the same time an error.

*Mme. Glyon.* Laura, you grow quite logical and subtle in your arguments; I never knew you thought out things so much.

*Princess.* I think them out because I love you, and I see your whole life going to waste; no, not to waste, because your works are fine, and you spend all your days doing good; but barren of all happiness, of all sympathy, of all tenderness, and even, you know, subject to the rumors of lying tongues.

*Mme. Glyon.* That last does not matter.

*Princess.* Oh no; you are very proud, and falsehood can not touch you; but still it tells, somehow, when the world crowns you with one hand and scourges you with the other. Will you let me try my experiment—just try it?

*Mme. Glyon.* It would be unwise, and it would be useless; I am sure he would take his release so gladly on any terms.

*Princess.* That is what I will see if you will let me. Do think it over. Tell me to-night. I don't wish to persuade, but indeed, indeed, Claire, it is not fair to him to let him go on in ignorance, in a fool's paradise; and if he do know, and behaves unworthily, he will never force you to live with him—he is too truly a gentleman.

*Mme. Glyon.* He will have no wish, my dear, when once he knows, ever to see my face again. Try your experiment, as you call it; but if he would take his liberty *so*, remember, I will be dead to him forever, though I hide myself in the uttermost ends of the earth.

*Princess.* That, of course. But if he be loyal to his forgotten wife, then you will pardon him?

[MME. GLYON *is silent.*

*Princess.* Silence is assent. Let us drive to the convent, and we will not speak another word. I have all my fibs to fabricate.

*Mme. Glyon.* He will accept.

*Princess.* He will refuse! [*Exeunt.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

## OR, FATED BY A JEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY."

### PRELIMINARY.

WHAT relation the principal character figuring throughout my introductory pages bears toward the actors in this little drama from real life I am not at liberty to disclose. Those who follow the strange occurrences here for the first time put together must supply the link for themselves, and will easily discern the motives for reticence in such a narrative. With a certain amount of caution and disguise, it is permissible to relate incidents in daily life that warrant us in asserting truth to be stranger than fiction. But without a certain mystification of facts and circumstances, without a veil, no matter how transparent, thrown over personalities and places, no license of the kind could naturally be taken by the story-teller. He must quit the field of actualities, and either build up his stories from the gossamer of his brain, or the less vivid but more substantial texture of recorded history. The idealized romance of every-day life touches us most of all.

Some years ago I happened to be left, like a forgotten parcel, in a homely little German capital familiar to most English tourists. I had joined half a dozen acquaintances, who, with slender knowledge of each other's tastes and powers of endurance, had agreed to make a summer tour in company, the programme of which, as might be expected, only a part was carried out. Some of my fellow-tourists went one way, some another, but on one point all were unanimous: I should be picked up in a few weeks for the journey home. As it was my first experience of foreign life, and as I had neither a well-furnished purse nor the frame of a mountaineer, I preferred to stay behind, expecting to be called for, which never occurred. In so far as my companions were concerned, I might have staid in that little city till this day.

The Golden Lion, at which I staid, was the foremost hotel in the place, but as unlike accepted notions of a first-rate hotel as it was possible to be. The prices were absurdly low. Its twelve o'clock ordinary was more like a large family dinner than a table d'hôte, and unattached wanderers like myself were treated rather as kinsfolk than customers by the kindly hostess, Frau Erleb, and her husband. I had my place between them at the dinner table, around which gathered occasional English and American tourists, besides daily frequenters from the south. I was even made welcome into Frau Erleb's cheerful parlor, and to the use of her little Marie's piano whilst the child was at school. I joined my host and hostess in holiday walks and drives, and was escorted by them to the opera. By way of reciprocating favors, I gave the little girl English lessons. Altogether, by the time I had spent a few months there, I felt as much at home at the Golden Lion as if I had known the place and people all my life. The homely friendliness, perhaps verging on familiarity, of these good folk, if occasionally distasteful, was of great service. Had there been the slightest distance between us, any approach to formality on my part, any subservience on theirs, an easy intercourse would have been impossible. By frankly inviting their confidence I was enabled to realize German middle-class life as few foreigners can ever do; I was put in possession of the facts making up the incomparably romantic little history I am about to relate.

My hostess was one of those curious mixtures of homeliness and culture found nowhere out of Germany. She belonged to the humblest peasant class by birth and bringing up, yet, owing to more favorable circumstances later in life, had acquired a love of music and the drama. The outward sordidness of her life, therefore, had its reverse side, and at the opera or concert-room so sincere was her appreciation that it was difficult to believe that the rest of the day was spent in household drudgery.

She was a person of one idea, and I soon gathered from her talk and manner of looking at things that, like a great many other people, this one idea was a romance—a romance with which her own inner existence had nothing to do. The story of her own betrothal and marriage was of the most prosaic kind. There was the kindliest friendliness toward the worthy host of the Golden Lion, an admirable maternal sentiment, but no poetry or passion, in her affection for the little Marie. She diligently performed her part as spouse, mother, and housewife, and devoutly followed the Lutheran persuasion. But the spiritual part of her, the glow of inner feeling, the unspeakable something that lifts us out of ourselves, and by virtue of which the grossest of us are less material than we seem—all these found no expression and had no root in the life she led from day to day. My good Frau Erleb—and how many another!—had her share of the poetic side of life vicariously, and it thus wore almost the aspect of an æsthetic contemplation. Just as the portrait of a beautiful face rather than the beautiful face itself affords an æsthetic enjoyment, so it is with that perception of finer and lovelier existences which lie outside our own. We study them as a picture.

The landlady of the Golden Lion, by virtue of this insight into a sunny world of beauty, sportiveness, and delight, had two selves, the one belonging to her own narrow, coarse-textured lot, the other centred in an airy, fanciful, but, as we shall see, by no means dream-like existence. And belonging above all to a secret, therein lay the real romance of this dual life. She was the holder of a secret, the coarse earthen vessel into which has fallen some glittering gem; and somehow—I have never yet quite divined why it was—that secret she confided to me.

I have reasoned on the matter many a time, and perhaps, all things considered, her confidence, thus placed in a stranger and a foreigner, is not to be wondered at. We all know well enough that secrets never are kept; the burden is inevitably cast off by the bearer at some time or other. In Frau Erleb's case it had been kept a very long time—more than half the span of her existence—and there were several reasons why what she had never even confided to her husband should be disclosed to a foreigner and a stranger. In the first place, there could be no possible blame to expect from a disinterested listener like myself. I had nothing whatever to do with the circumstances or the personages mixed up in her story, and had no right to make comments. Again, to the untravelled mind of my hostess, I wore an outlandish look, an air of remoteness, that invited confidence. An Englishwoman, an insignificant school-teacher desirous of learning German, an educated lady, moreover, with whom she had contracted a warm sympathy, I seemed to her the last person in the world to whom it was dangerous to speak out. But, above all, I could see that the desire to make a revelation, pent up now for twenty years and more, had grown too strong to be checked. Had I not been near, some one else would inevitably have become the receptacle of her secret. So by little and little the worthy soul unburdened herself, and having thus opened her lips on the long-forbidden topic, would hardly close them again. When alone with me, mending the house linen, preparing fruit for the stew-pan or salad for the table, she would laugh, weep, and go into ecstasies over the story a dozen times a day. The approach of her husband or little daughter was the signal for an immediate change of subject and of manner; the interruption over, she would resume the broken thread of her discourse as if nothing had happened. The most minute incident, the least little personal detail, having to do with her story, were related to me again and again, till I seemed to have the whole living reality before me. Frau Erleb, although she knew it not, had indeed, whilst pouring these unique experiences into the ear of a sympathetic listener, built up a glowing romance. There was nothing for me to add, little to take away. Never surely wore any episode from real life so much the appearance of an airy creation springing straight from the brain of a story-teller.

### I.

THE fruit season was at its height in the fruity Suabian land, and the opening day of the long summer holidays had come, as usual, with the last bloom on pear and plum. As the cumbersome old stage-coach with its yellow-jacketed postboys stopped at the door of the Catharine School for girls, to pick up some passengers for the little village of Stefansburg, a veritable apparition of health, joyousness, and beauty appeared on the door-step. This was Hilda, the most promising pupil of the school, and a girl commanding universal admiration for her sprightly, imperious ways, startling loveliness, and warm impulsive nature. She was just eighteen, and possessed the tall vigorous growth of the peasant race, and also the indescribable something that proclaimed admixture of gentle blood. Bland and slender, she presented the type of German maiden, not only as idealized for us in poetry and fiction, but as it still adorns the world in daily life. These fair-haired, graceful creatures, who too rapidly develop into solid matron, are not at all after the pattern of their English or American sisters. Possessing as much intellect and animal spirits as them, they often possess also a greater capacity for artistic and sensuous impressions. The character of Hilda unmistakably indicated itself in the emergency that now overtook her. As she stood on the threshold of the school-house, peremptorily ordering the disposal of her luggage, a peasant lad came running toward her in hot haste bearing a crumpled letter. Holding forth the missive, he stood by, breathless and speechless, wiping the big drops of sweat from his forehead.

What Hilda read, with her pretty brows knit and her lips pursed up, was this:

"MY HILDA" (ran the ill-penned, ill-spelled note),—"Thou must not return home as yet. Take the stage-coach to thy aunt Kätchin instead. Thy foster-sister, the Countess Hildegarde, was brought home ill of a fever last night, without a word of warning, and there is risk for thee.

"Thy loving GRANDMOTHER."

The young lady having read the paper, now coolly tore it into a dozen fragments and scattered them to the winds.

"Take thy place on the coach, and leave my trunks alone," she said to the astonished lad, who had begun hastily to haul down her boxes. "Thou art going to Stefansburg, and so am I."

The boy stared at her without feeling quite sure of the safest line of action before him. If it seemed impossible to disobey his mistress the Frau Anna, it seemed more than impossible to disobey the Fräulein Hilda, as the Hilda of former days was now called.

"Take thy seat, I say," she repeated, using the thee and thou of colloquial usage in these parts. "Art thou hungry? There is time to eat and drink before we start."

"I have my victuals with me, but I will go in and get a mug of beer," replied the lad. "Did you understand the letter, Fräulein Hilda?" he ventured to ask.

"Perfectly," was the young lady's reply. "My grandmother had her reasons for wishing me to stay; I have my own for wishing to go. Now make haste and fetch thy mug of beer."

He went in-doors, Hilda musing thus as her glance fell on the little bits of torn paper lying about the wheels of the stage-coach:

"That I must stay away, forsooth, because my darling Hildegarde is ill of a fever! It is my duty to nurse her, whatever be the matter, and it will help her to get well to see her foster-sister again."

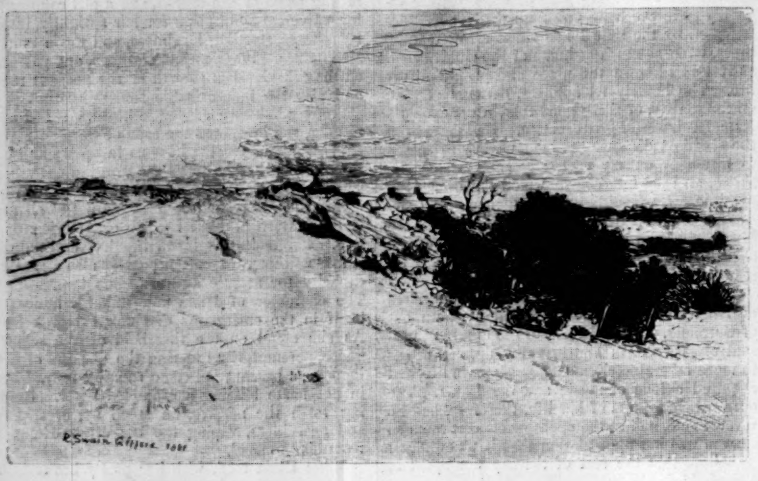
Throughout that long journey the girl's mind, far from being disturbed by the probable consequences of her prompt decision, was in a state of positive exhilaration. She chuckled over the surprise in store for her grandmother, and Grettel the dairy-maid. With the natural audacity of youth, in her case counterbalanced by largeness of heart, she saw herself called upon to take the initiative for many reasons. Her grandmother, she argued, was old, and could take no account of the march of progress. "She forgets," reasoned Hilda, "that in these days people are taught to destroy contagion instead of running away from it. She forgets, too, what my education has been, and how it will here stand me in good stead."

"I am the very person," further reasoned the young lady, "now needed at home. Here is just the opportunity I have longed for to prove my affection to Hildegarde, and also to renew the intercourse of old happy days. My little princess! my darling!"

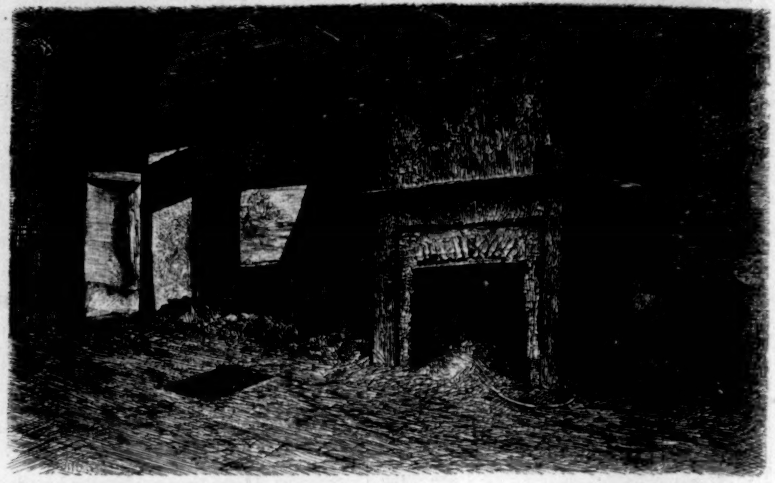
She also reflected that now, if ever, was the time for demonstrating to her grandmother and the benighted village folk generally that the value of a first-rate education did not consist in book-learning and the ornamental branches of knowledge only; they would see that education, when worthy of the name, inculcated the higher moral qualities also, such as self-sacrifice, collectedness, and the power of discerning right from wrong under conflicting circumstances. Meantime the heavily laden old vehicle crawled now up hill, now down hill, now between long stretches of orchard fragrant with mellow fruit, the heavily laden apple and plum branches sometimes intercepting its way, or by sloping vineyards and fields of corn and maize, all glowing in the brilliant September sunshine. Not by any means romantic, not even picturesque, is this South German landscape, but teeming with the fruits of the earth, and rich in the homelier of Nature's gifts. On such a September day the scene positively dazzles with the brilliance and variety of color, the purples, violets, crimsons, and orange of clustered fruit, the intensity of green below and blue above, pure sky bending over sweeps of verdure.

The bright eyes of Fräulein Hilda, however, were not occupied with the familiar sights and sounds on either side. As far as she was concerned, the day might have been one of cloud and fog, and the surrounding country bare as a desert. She was entirely absorbed in the thought of her *sœur de lait* (foster-sister), her namesake, whom she loved better than anything in the world. Perhaps Hilda's imagination had more to do with this idolatry than she was at all aware of. The girl's existence from earliest childhood had been far too narrow for her energies and capacities, especially of the understanding. She wanted a wider field for action, a more extended scope of observation—above all, a superior social position.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"NEAR NONQUITT."—By R. Swain Gifford.



"HOME NO LONGER."—By J. M. Falooner.

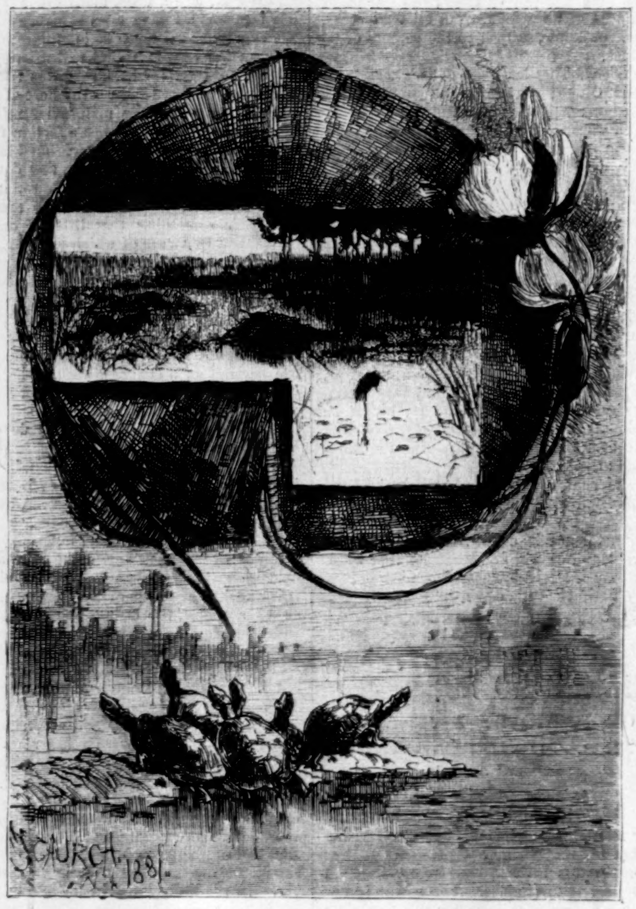
## WATER-COLORS AND ETCHINGS.

One of the most interesting artists we have is Mr. F. S. Church, whose charming water-color drawing of "Temptation" has been engraved for Harper's Weekly by permission of the owner, Mr. Lawson Valentine. It is one of the most attractive pictures in the present Water-color Exhibition, and as engraved is seen in a new frame-work of Mr. Church's design, which is quite effective, and wholly characteristic of the artist.

The charm of Mr. Church's work lies in its individuality, in its unconventional grace, and in what it discloses of a wholesome imagination and a really poetic fancy. There is no affectation in his methods or in his ideas. He applies himself with sincerity and directness, and in everything that he does there is a distinct and completed purpose. Mr. Church has worked his own evolution, and whatever he has attained has been reached by wholly independent means. He has studied in no schools, followed no masters, and adopted no theories. He has had no time for the formalities of art-education. He has taught himself, and has developed his own artistic endowments in his own way. He is thoroughly native and American, loyal to his disposition, full of earnest belief in his work, absolutely truthful in it all, and so modest and diffident of himself that he will never be persuaded that what he has done has been a credit to himself and his country. A number of Mr. Church's etchings, including that of his water-color of "The Witch's Daughter," now in the Academy Exhibition, and another, which is engraved in this number, have been published in *L'Art*, accompanied by most appreciative and encouraging articles from the pen of the well-known art critic, Mr. Paul Leroi. Mr. Church deserves it all. He is a unique figure in the growing school of American art, and too valuable a member of it not to be always well kept in view.

The art of etching is some four hundred years old, but its development as a branch of the fine arts in this country is comparatively recent. For many years there have been isolated cases of artists who worked in a desultory fashion in *aqua-fortis*, but none of them attained any following, or made much impression with his work. As the number of artists who were led little by little to take up etching increased, they naturally fell in contact with each other, and the New York Etching Club ensued.

Under the auspices of that modest association a certain interest in the art was awakened, and the amount of work produced was such that a corner of a gallery was borrowed now and then of the annual exhibitions for the purpose of showing off a dozen or two of plates, and affording an occasion for comparison of results and instruction. This year, however, marks an entirely new era in the history of the art of *aqua-fortis* in America. The Etching Club has marched at a single stride from one panel of proofs to the occupation of two entire galleries in the National Academy; and there is no part of the Water-color Society's Exhibition that is more interesting, instructive, and significant than the three hundred examples of etchings shown by the Etching Club. In respect of subject, of general treatment, of imaginative force, and of technical elegance of execution, the American work compares most favorably with that of the French school. It is an important contribution to our annual records of progress as discerned in our exhibitions, and it is peculiarly significant of the growth and energy of the art-impulse among us.



"A BIT OF NATURE."—By F. S. Church.

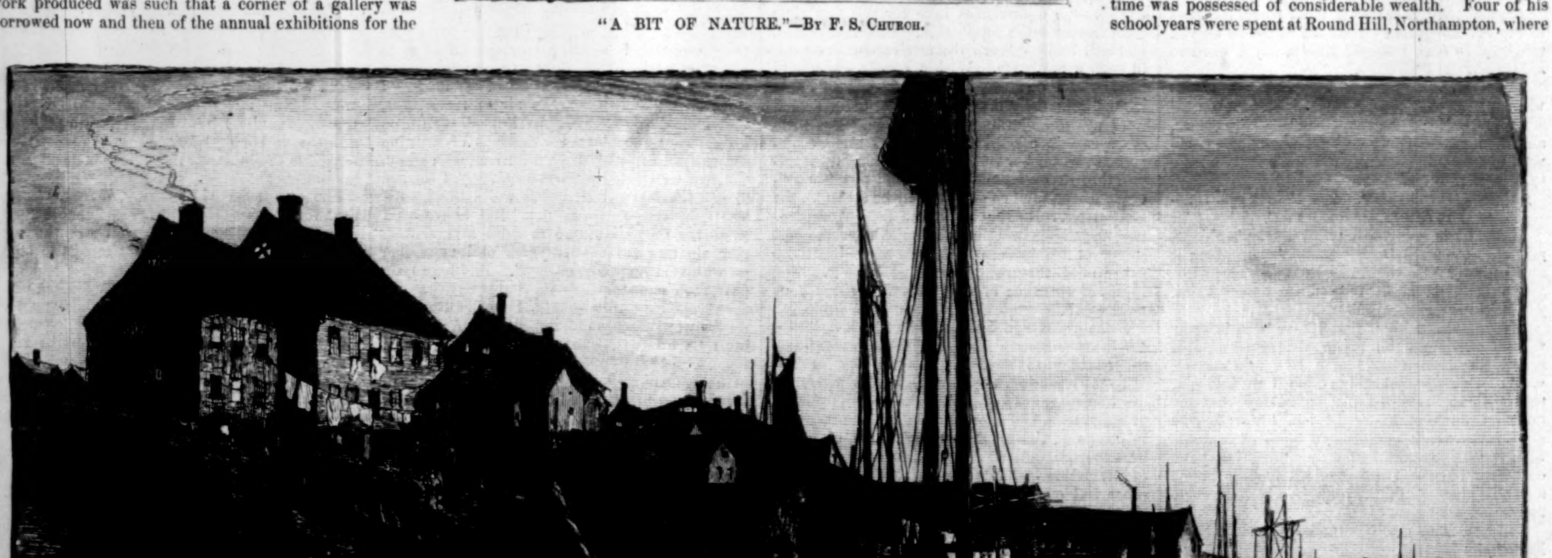
Among the best etchings exhibited will be found the work of artists whose names have heretofore been unheard even by those most familiar with our world of art. New men, as in the water-color school, are rapidly coming to the front, and introducing themselves by work of no uncertain kind, and that there should be so many of them is a further and convincing evidence of the great activity now prevailing in all branches of art.

Mr. Charles H. Platt, whose "Fishing-Boats at Marblehead" we reproduce below, is one of the youngest of the new men, and has already done some admirable work. His plates are treated with great boldness and much certainty of method, and his subjects chosen with an unusual sense of their fitness and adaptability to the means employed. Mr. Platt exhibits a number of etchings, nearly all of which are the product of a summer tour in Maine and the Eastern provinces.

Other etchings that are worth attentive study are those of R. S. Gifford, Henry Farrer, Stephen Parrish, J. Pennell, J. M. Falconer, J. C. Nicol, Thomas Moran, Mrs. M. N. Moran, Peter Moran, Dr. L. M. Yale, Frederick Dielman, to say nothing of the contributed examples of Whistler, Seymour Haden, and some excellent proofs of the work of the father of the art of etching, Rembrandt himself.

## HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

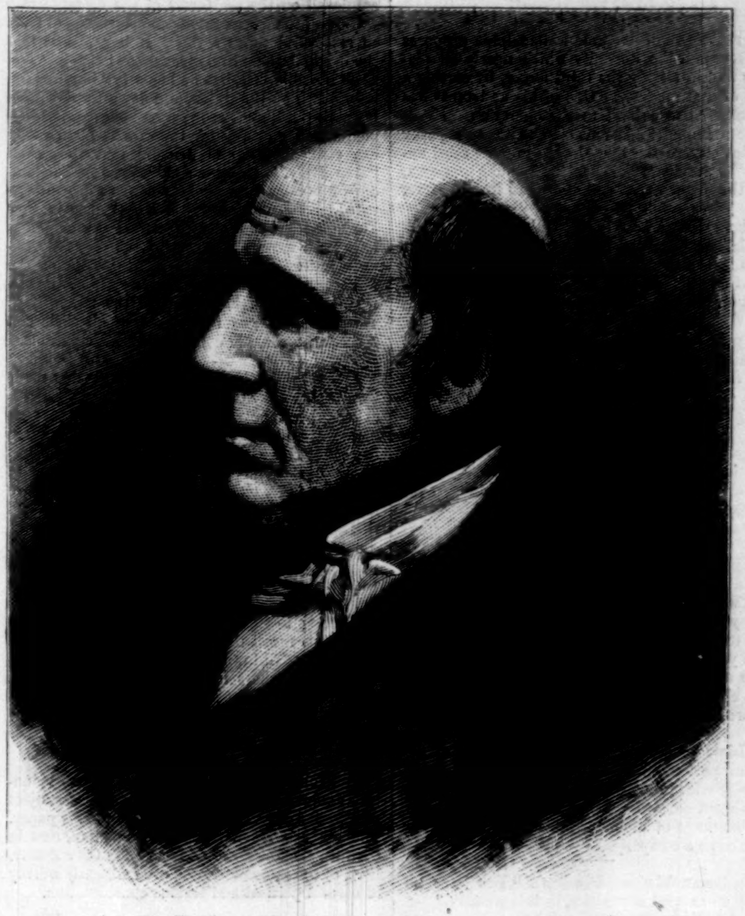
Dr. Bellows, who died on the 30th of January, was of an ancient New England family, and was born in Boston, June 11, 1814. His father was a merchant, and at one time was possessed of considerable wealth. Four of his school years were spent at Round Hill, Northampton, where



"FISHING-BOATS AT MARBLEHEAD."—By C. H. Platt.

he had the late Dr. **Cogswell**, and **George Bancroft**, the historian, for his teachers. In 1828 he entered Harvard College, and was noted, as a collegian, for his proficiency in study. After graduating he entered the Harvard Divinity School, left it for the South, returned to it again, and while completing his theological course maintained himself by teaching. He tried the South a second time, but disliking slavery, returned home. He had, however, proved himself in the Southern cities to be a popular and successful preacher. In 1838 he was ordained pastor of the First Unitarian Congregational Church of this city. In this position he remained forty-four years, growing continually in influence and the esteem of his fellow-citizens, as a man of worth, of public spirit, and large-hearted philanthropy. His congregation worshipped, when he was ordained, in Chambers Street, afterward in Broadway, and finally settled in its present home at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street. As a public speaker Dr. **Bellows** had great readiness of utterance. His extemporaneous discourse was a stream of pure, lucid English; his written style had the same charm of lucidity. In 1846 he took part in founding the *Christian Inquirer*, a Unitarian paper published in this city; he was also editor for some years of the *Liberal Christian*, and a frequent contributor to the *Christian Examiner*. His editorial discussions were always marked by candor and perfect courtesy. He would criticise Unitarianism and orthodoxy with an equally impartial pen. In many respects he followed his sympathies more than his logic, and this disposition brought him into harmony with men who did not at all share his doctrinal beliefs. His published works relate principally to living questions of our own day. Some of them are, *The Treatment of Social Diseases*, *Restatements of Christian Doctrine*, and a book of travels, *The Old World in its New Face*.

When the war with the South broke out, Dr. **Bellows** entered upon a series of philanthropic activities which will perhaps constitute his best title to fame. He organized the Sanitary Commission, and was its first and only President. What the Sanitary Commission did, in what manifold ways it watched over the comfort of the Union soldiers—supplying medicines, clothes, ambulances, and watchful care, establishing hospitals in the field and at permanent stations, bringing sick soldiers home in hospital cars and trains, applying whatever skill science and benevolence could devise for mitigating the horrors of war—can only be fully told in the history of those eventful years. The Commission distributed for the service of the army $15,000,000 in supplies and $3,000,000 in money. More than this, it set an example of philanthropy which has been copied in Europe; it has prompted and will continue to prompt measures for reducing to a lower point the sufferings which always follow in the train of war.



THE LATE DR. BELLOWS.—Photographed by Rockwood.

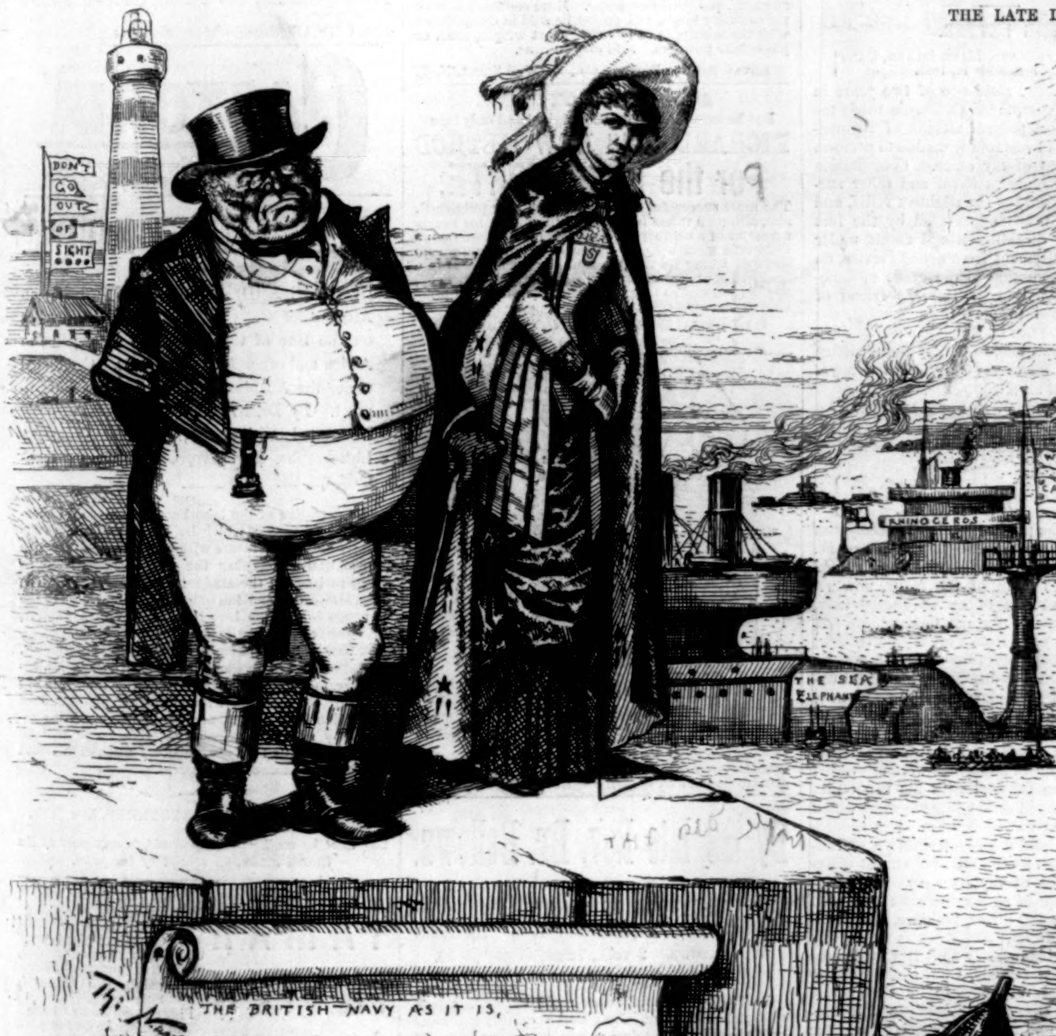
## THE HEBREW EXODUS FROM RUSSIA.

It is a pity that the emigrants from Russia to our country should be exiles—first Mennonites, and then Jews. The heavy hand of the Czar rests with equal impartiality upon the follower of Jesus, if he be not Orthodox, and the follower of **Moses**, without ifs or conditions. The sights to be witnessed in lower Broadway and Castle Garden just now are new and strange. Long processions of Jews daily file out of the Garden gates, clad in fur-tipped coats, and speaking a language foreign to our American ears. Mr. **Jackson**, Superintendent of Castle Garden, says: "These people are coming in on us by the thousands; the German steamer *Gellert* on her last trip brought three hundred; and the news has reached us that fourteen hundred are now at Hamburg waiting passage. There are already three hundred on Ward's Island who have no prospect of immediate employment, and must be cared for." Of the number on Ward's Island, forty are women, sixty children, and fifty professional men and students who know nothing of manual labor. Some of the Jews have already found transportation to the West; the exiles are farmers, traders, shop-keepers, and will, with a little aid just now, when aid is most needed, soon become self-supporting.

The story of the Russian persecution of the Jews, as told by a correspondent of the London *Times*, equals in atrocity the Turkish oppression in Bulgaria. From Easter, 1881, to the close of the year, the Jewish population of Southern Russia has been subjected to every conceivable outrage. The anti-Semitic outbreak in Germany has been the inspiration of the rioters, and the apathy of the government their encouragement. At Elizabethgrad, April 27 to 29, five hundred houses and one hundred shops were destroyed, whole streets being razed to the ground. Says this correspondent: "Meanwhile the military had been called out, but only to act at first as spectators, and afterward as active participators. One section of the mob, formed of rioters and soldiers, broke into the dwelling of an old man named **Pelikoff**, and on his attempting to save his daughter from a fate worse than death, threw him down from the roof." In Kiev, where there is a population of twenty thousand Jews, it was proclaimed that the Czar had given the Orthodox all Jewish property, and no effort was made by the authorities to contradict this falsehood. The day chosen for the attack was announced in advance; the Governor of the city being appealed to for protection, answered that he would "not trouble his soldiers for a pack of Jews." The same outrages on women, children, and property were enacted here as in Elizabethgrad, and were not suppressed till two thousand Jews were left homeless. It is to be said to the credit of the citizens of Kiev that they tried in some measure to repair the damage done by the mob, and to relieve the destitute Jewish families.

This contagion of violence spread all through Southern Russia, which has a Jewish population of between two and three millions. By Christmas it had reached Warsaw, where three hundred houses and six hundred shops were pillaged. The behavior of the police at Warsaw, says the *Times* correspondent, "who only interfered to prevent the Jews from protecting themselves, exactly tallies with their behavior elsewhere. And finally, the attempts that were made by telegraph officials and others to prevent the true state of the case from reaching the rest of Europe may serve to account for the extraordinary fact that the enormities of the past nine months have only found the faintest echo in the press of Europe."

It seems to us plain Americans that the first duty of a government is to protect property and life. The misconduct of the Jews is alleged to be that "in the last twenty years they have gradually possessed themselves of not only every trade and business in all its branches, but also of a great part of the land by buying or farming. With few exceptions, they have, as a body, devoted their attention, not to enriching or benefiting the country, but to defrauding by their wiles its inhabitants, and especially its poor inhabitants." Supposing this charge to be true, the proper punishment of fraud is not murder, nor pillage, nor arson. The proclamation of General **Ignatieff** is a confession of sympathy with the rioters which amounts to complicity. Russia asks for the moral support of Europe in dealing with the abominable Turk; but how much does Turkish exceed Russian ferocity? In over one hundred and sixty towns and villages riots and murders are known to have occurred, about one hundred thousand Jewish families have been reduced to poverty, and the value of the property destroyed has been estimated at eighty million dollars. If Russia has any regard for the public opinion of Christendom, she will do justice to her Jewish population.


DON'T GO OUT OF SIGHT
US
WE CAN'T
RHINOCEROS
THE SEA ELEPHANT
Th: Nast.
THE BRITISH NAVY AS IT IS,
THE U.S. NAVY AS IT WILL BE.
A RACE BETWEEN THE BRITISH WHALE AND THE U.S. SWORD FISH.

KIND RELATIONS.

J. B. "I have sunk a great deal of Money in these Vessels."
Cousin Columbia. "Yes; and now they are likely to sink, too."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A professor of music in Philadelphia proposes to overcome the difficulty which nearly all pianists find in raising the third finger, by cutting a cord of that member. One of his assistants has volunteered to submit to the operation. Meanwhile a Philadelphia musician writes to a paper of that city, saying that the cord of his third finger was accidentally cut in the manner proposed, and the finger works no better than it did before.

Quong Kee, a banker in North San Juan, California, has been picking up ideas from observations in the Occident. His depositors lose only about five thousand dollars. It is suspected that he is on his way to the Flowery Kingdom.

A gold brick, weighed on the gold-scales in the "leading stores" of San Francisco, varied all the way from five pounds four ounces to five pounds nine ounces. This may explain why it is not thought worth while to use cent pieces in that city.

It is understood that there was considerable curiosity in Boston to know whether there were cries of "Author! author!" at the first performance of *Œdipus Tyrannus* in New York.

When, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, the other day, a young man went to be married, he found a rival standing before the minister with the bride. The young woman's father, with admirable tact, said to him, "Here are my other three daughters; take your pick." Not to be outdone in effort to have everything pass off pleasantly, the young man chose one of the three, and there was a double wedding.

"Dime sociables" are taking the place of donation parties in Massachusetts, and are very popular with ministers' wives, who say that they are almost sure to get money enough to pay for the breakage of dishes incidental to the feeding of so large a company.

Mr. Oscar Wilde (*drawling*). "You have no ruins, no natural curiosities, in this country."

Mrs. Senator Pendleton. "No; but our ruins will come soon enough, and we *import* our curiosities."

There are eight Irishmen in Congress, five Englishmen, four Scotchmen, and three Germans.

The residents of a Canadian village are to be commended for their caution in dealing with ghost stories. They claim to have a ghost that has been seen by many reputable villagers, but always "standing motionless, and distant about an acre." Thus, by making the acre the unit of lineal measurement, a wide margin for possible error is reserved; for an acre, if cut narrow enough, would extend so far in length that almost anything might be taken for a ghost by a credulous person at the opposite end.

The Orientals are taking so kindly to the American divertisement of draw-poker that their rulers are thinking how they can make laws to restrain them. It will be interesting to note which are the more efficacious, the Mongolian laws against poker-playing or the American against opium-smoking.

Some new fire-engines of remarkable power have recently been bought by the city of Paris, and the newspapers had much to say about their efficacy. An alarm was sent out from the Champs Élysées one day, and the one engine that responded got to work just an hour after it arrived on the spot.

A Boston man was willing to give a tramp ten cents, but he could find in his pocket nothing smaller than a silver dollar. "Never mind," said the tramp, "I can change it;" and he counted out ninety cents from a handful of silver which he took from his pocket. A newspaper of that city calls attention to this incident as an illustration of how history repeats itself, or fact or fiction reproduces itself, or the one the other, whichever it may best illustrate. Scott, in one of the "Waverley Novels," tells how a country gentleman met Andrew Gemmells, and said he would give him sixpence if he had any silver about him; whereupon the veteran mendicant replied, "I can give you change for a note, laird."

An English writer describes America as a country where a man's statement is not worth two cents unless backed up by an offer to bet ten dollars.

A Chinese theatrical troupe is playing successfully in the Pacific States. The actors never lose their cues.

A certain amount of complaint on the part of the public seems necessary in order that the elevated railway employés may be kept somewhere near the line between their habitual incivility and the insolence to which they are prone. A disposition is shown by the management to have the trainmen treat the public as patrons should be treated, and when reputable persons find time to go to the managers with complaints, the offenders are called to account. But these conductors and brakemen so soon forget the lessons thus taught them that frequent repetition is necessary. An English writer has gravely said that the dignitaries in the United States are not the men of position and wealth, but the railway conductors and hotel clerks. While this has come to be acknowledged as in a certain sense true, the residents of this city are not ready to regard as among such dignitaries the several hundred men employed on the platforms of the elevated railways, and to suffer contemptuous treatment from them several times a day. It is probable that the original "step lively" fiend has long since met some horrible fate, but he has a few hundred imitators still on the trains, and day after day these brass-bound bullies scowl upon ladies and gentlemen entering or quitting the cars as fast as they can conveniently, and demand that they shall "step lively." In some small towns the conductors of horse-cars are as insolent as are the elevated-railway conductors and brakemen in New York; but in this city the street car employés have been taught to be civil; and when the elevated railways are as old in New York as the surface roads now are, the managers of the elevated roads will have learned the necessity of enforcing civility on the part of all their employés who come in contact with their patrons.

A scene which has no counterpart is that made by a brisk snow-storm in a big city. The streets at no other time present such a lively spectacle to the eye, nor yield so many sounds that catch the ear. There is bustle in everything, from sidewalk to sidewalk. The shouts and laughter of snow-sprinkled children, the yelling of teamsters to their heavily burdened horses, the clatter and ringing of snow-shovels on the sidewalks, the warning whirr of the heavy six-horse sweepers that whirl the snow from the street railway tracks—these and many other sounds characteristic of the event make a snow-storm in a big and busy city something to interest everybody, and especially those who recall the silence that accompanies a heavy snow-fall in the country. For such a spectacle New-Yorkers had to wait this year almost till the beginning of February.

## A LETTER AND ITS SEQUEL.

The following letter and its sequel are voluntary expressions of opinion concerning a subject of especial interest to every reader of this paper. The letter is from Commander Coghlan, now in California, and the sequel from John Carr Moody, Esq., of the same State, and are eminently worthy of careful perusal and serious consideration.

### THE LETTER.

U. S. Navy Yard, Mare Island, Cal.,
*December* 16, 1881.

*Sirs,*—An enforced residence of two years in this abominable climate of California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism, during which I was totally unable to perform the arduous duties of my office. Consultation upon my case by eminent naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief, and my distress was much aggravated by the fact that my physical disability would result, under the law, in my retirement from active service, on the eve of my promotion to the grade of Commander. At this period Dr. Hoyle, a friend of mine, recommended to me St. Jacobs Oil, the happy result of the use of which has constrained me, in my deep gratitude, to hereby acknowledge the *complete and wonderful cure it has wrought* in my case. I am sincerely yours,

J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N.

### THE SEQUEL.

No. 5 Law Building,
Vallejo, Salona County, Cal.,
*January* 13, 1882.

*Gentlemen,*—The publication in the *Army and Navy Journal*, of a commendatory notice of St. Jacobs Oil, from the pen of my old and valued friend, Captain Coghlan of the Navy, now on duty here, reminds me of an unfulfilled task, which it is a pleasure for me to complete. A sufferer for seven years from a cruel joint trouble, pronounced by some practitioners, gout, and by others, rheumatism, but distressingly painful under any name—I was slowly making my way, with my crutch, to the court-room, when I was accosted by Captain Coghlan, who kindly gave me his arm. He furnished me with an account of how his well-known sufferings were alleviated by the use of the Oil, and with his usual persistent energy insisted on sending me some which he had. Doubtingly enough, I applied it according to directions, and the relief within a reasonable time was such as to make me almost disregard the evidence of my own senses. When one has been plagued so long—grown gray with pain—and exhausted purse, patience, and pharmacy in seeking relief, incredulity is reasonably prominent—and blamelessly so. But after continuous use of the remedy, I am constrained to say, with especial reference to its therapeutic value, "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*"—and to congratulate myself and my family specially, and the human race generally. With great relief, I am, gentlemen, Yours thankfully,

Jno. Carr Moody,
—[*Adv.*] Counsellor-at-Law.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN CONVALESCENCE.

I have prescribed Horsford's Acid Phosphate in the convalescing stage of typho-malarial fever, and, whenever an acid is indicated, nothing has been found equal to it. J. H. Wilson, M.D.
Plymouth, Ind.—[*Adv.*]

AGNES BOOTH.

Messrs. Riker & Son: Park Theatre.
I find your American Face Powder very satisfactory in every respect. Yours truly, Agnes Booth.—[*Adv.*]

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|---|---|
| 1879 | 7,241 |
| 1880 | 16,619 |
| 1881 | 30,835 |

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One of the most readable books of travel we have come across for some time.—*Saturday Review*, London.

There is such wide-awake observation of people, scenery, art, education, manners, charitable institutions, cuisine, national character, &c., as quick wit behind restless eye can make in a hasty transit—the whole being enlivened with bits of history and descriptions of sermons heard, the style genial and full of points.—*Boston Advertiser.*

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Dr. Davis had to submit to many disappointments, to endure many personal hardships, but, in all, his courage, tact, and constancy never failed him. He has enriched our museum with more than one hundred Phœnician inscriptions, and thrown light on the topography of Carthage. Dr. Davis's name will be quoted, for ages to come, in every discussion about Carthage.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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**(1729-1847).**

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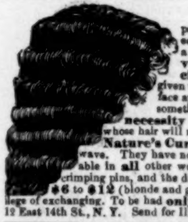

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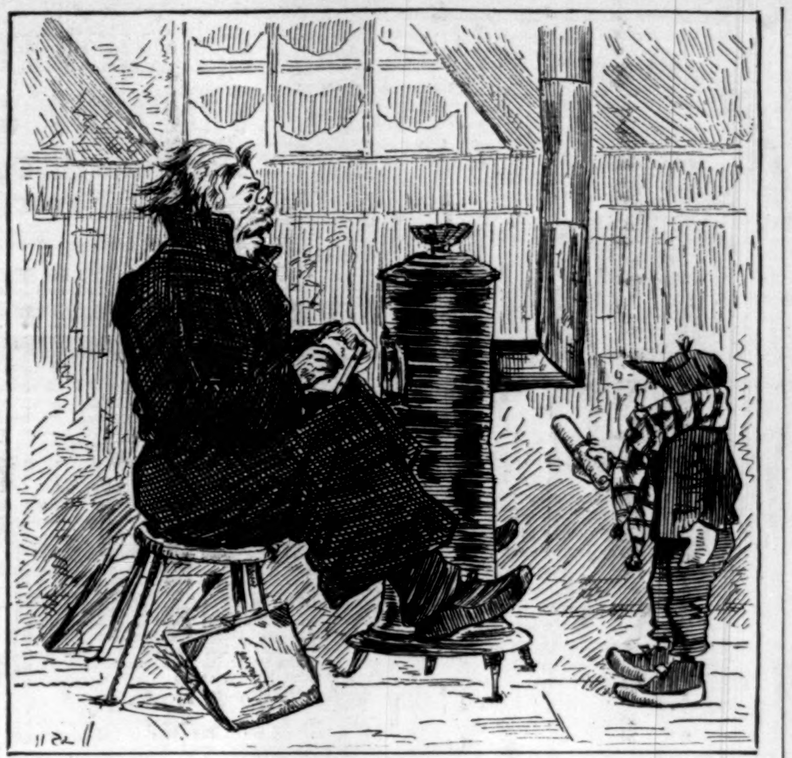

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